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# JOHN BULL

VOL. XXIII. No. 617. SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1918. TWOPENCE

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]


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Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

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BY HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

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# JOHN BULL

*The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.*

*Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:*
*Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.*

Vol. XXIII. No. 617. Week ending Saturday, March 30th, 1913. Twopence.


## "THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

*[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]*

**A War Marriage.**

In accordance with our suggestion, a marriage has now been arranged, and will shortly take place, between those hitherto estranged parties, Capital and Labour—with Enterprise as Best Man. The terms of the Settlement are now under active discussion.

**"Shot at Dawn."**

There is no doubt that our recent disclosures will result in at least two alterations in the present Court Martial system. Accused soldiers will not be kept in suspense as to their fate, and there will be a right of appeal from death sentences.

**Watch Your M.P.**

These matters will come up on the annual Army Bill, which has been put back till after Easter to permit of the necessary amendments being prepared. *Watch how your Member votes.*

**The Geddes Going.**

So the Geddes are going. The Prime Minister doesn't fear swopping *these* G. G.s while crossing the stream!

**A Shipbuilding Suggestion.**

Here is a suggestion for speeding up output: Let every firm appropriate the amount at present being paid in Excess Profits Tax to a Prize Fund for the benefit of the men putting in the best record. The Government would get most of the money just the same, in the shape of Savings Certificates and other forms—and the nation would get the ships.

**Why Not?**

So the Government have decided not to place Hun officers on Hospital ships; and members of Parliament are requested not to press for the reason. We can, however, furnish it. It is because the Government, in this matter at any rate, are asses.

**Change of Front.**

By the way, how long have the Government been of this opinion? We think it was in March of last year that, at Southampton, we noticed three ships fitted up for the accommodation of German officer-prisoners and their guards.

**"What the Blind See."**

Some time ago Sir Arthur Pearson contributed to our columns a very interesting article on "What the Blind See"; and the other day we noticed a blinded officer being led about the paddock at the Grand National meeting, and apparently taking the keenest interest in the racing!

**M.P.s' Investments.**

What about moving for a Return showing the foreign securities held by M.P.s? It would possibly throw some light on the situation.

**Obsolete.**

From a dictionary of the future: "Meat—an old-time food, last used in the early years of the twentieth century."

**The Law!**

Have you heard of the prosecution of a Midland printer for producing a poster above the legal size? The point is that it was an advertisement of War Bonds, and was printed free of charge!

**Premium Bonds.**

The Government are cautiously feeling their way. Did you notice that advertisement, telling people that they will get their "Premium or Bonus" sooner by buying National War Bonds at once? Meanwhile, we are about to give them a lead.

**A New Badge.**

"Has it ever struck you," asks a bereaved mother, "that as the discharged soldier wears his badge, so the next-of-kin of the dead should have a badge too?" Well, it hadn't—but it does now.

**"Still Leader."**

Such is the declaration of Mr. Asquith, when addressing the National Liberal Federation, or something of the kind. And "Free Trade for Ever" is still on his banner. *Are* we at war?

**Some Figures.**

We were looking over a list of official salaries the other day, and here are one or two which struck us: The Judges and Law Officers average about £6,500 a year each, Ministers of the Crown £5,000, and the Bishops £4,600. Always odds on the lawyers!

**In the Pulpit.**

It is now becoming quite a common practice with parsons of all denominations to quote us in their sermons—often taking their texts from our articles. On the other hand, our Sunday effusions are frequently read to the family circle as an alternative to going to church! True war economy.

**Unclaimed Bank Balances.**

An enterprising M.P., having mustered up courage to raise our old question about dormant balances and unclaimed securities in the hands of the bankers, has elicited the stereotyped official reply—"Inquiries show that the amount is comparatively small and would not justify legislation"! From whom have the inquiries been made—the bankers themselves?

**The Poet Laureate.**

What *is* this official poet to the British Empire doing for that "tierce of canary?" The sooner he gets some of it into his head, the better.

**Curfew Cant.**

Why all this cant about closing theatres and restaurants at 10.30 (summer time!) "to save coal and lighting"? Why not say plainly, to enable people to get home before air raiders arrive?

**Britannia Rules the—Skies.**

We must revise the old song about waves and slaves; but at the moment the only rhyme we can think of for skies is spies. But we will give a quarter pound of "best Dosset" for a good verse.

**An Indian Colony.**

Apropos of our recent exposure of the man Mir Anwaruddin, we would direct the attention of the London police to the large number of native Indian students always to be found on the prowl in the Notting Hill district.

**Philosophic—Certainty.**

Mr. Balfour justifies the continuance of our payment of pensions to the Dowager Duchess of Coburg and other German spongers on the ground that "we have a Treaty obligation and we keep it." In other words, war makes no difference.

**A New Hymn.**

Here is a verse from a suggested new hymn, for which we are indebted to the *Nation*:—

Shall we, whose aims are stated
By Bottomley and Hughes,
Now see them moderated
By doubtful Russian Jews?

The answer is a most emphatic "Never!"

**A "Primitive" Parson.**

The Rev. A. T. Guttery has distinguished himself again. He is up against press critics, and has made a wonderful discovery as to the way of dealing with them. Listen: "The *best* way is to find them a public post; a *still better* way is to send them out of the country." Our friend's grammar is undoubtedly "Primitive."

**Funk and Telefunk.**

Now that Sir Charles Hobhouse has come out of his funk-hole, and repeated, outside, what he said in the House, *l'affaire Marconi* may proceed. We had all hoped that the last had been heard of it; still, if Sir Charles *did* go to Germany and flirt with the *Telefunken* people about taking control of the British Wireless Service, we *should* like to know all about it.

**Shell-Shock and Air Raids.**

Why do not the military authorities have shell-shock cases moved outside the Germhun air-raid area—say to the West of England? We are told that the condition of some of these poor fellows, not only while a raid is on but during the first warnings, is truly pitiable.

**Wonder.**

We have received many letters *re* the "Unwanted Child"—some explaining that "the woman tempted me, and I fell." This was Adam's cowardly lie in the Garden of Eden. If he had told the truth he would have said, "Verily, Lord, Eve stole the apple, but 'twas I who legged her up the tree."

**The Crown of Life.**

A Salvation Army grocer, with a conscientious objection to enlistment, has appeared before the Croydon Tribunal to announce that he would make any sacrifice for his religious convictions, even unto life itself, but when he was asked whether he would give 5s. a week to Red Cross Funds he said he really couldn't afford to do it. Such is this conchy's idea of the crown of life; two half-crowns and an exemption order.

**Her First Offence.**

And such a terrible offence, too. Father is fighting in France, and she is trying to keep their shop open, for the sake of their six little children. To help carry on, she kept the eldest child, 12 years old, away from school for three half-days. For that awful crime she was taken to Court at Woking, and fined £1 for the first wrong thing she has ever done. Even that she did in a good cause, to keep the home when her man was taken. Oh, the monstrous stupidity of some "beaks"!

**Under the Moon.**

Probably the Germhun officers who have been interned where Germhun Taubes must do come under the moon will not appreciate reprisals so much as they did when they weren't getting any. It is not desirable to reveal where they have been located, but Fritz can be assured beforehand that, if and when he drops his bombs in the place of their sojourning, they will stand an equal chance of a knock-out with the dearest little baby ever made in heaven.

**A Big Question.**

A reader urges us to take up "that big question" of "the thousands of foreign Jews of military age now walking about London," and get to know "why they are protected by the Home Office from serving in the Army." The fact that they *are* foreigners is the difficulty. And here again the question arises whether or not they are employed on national work which Britons would not do for their wages. How would the Army tailoring, for instance, go without this foreign Jew labour?

**God and the Too Guid.**

"In recognition of the majesty of God," thirteen local clergy and Nonconformist ministers have protested against the Giant Whist Drive organised by Spenborough, Yorks, workpeople to raise £500 for wounded soldiers as "an appeal to the passion for gambling," and advise the public to have nothing to do with it. All this ridiculous and pharisaical fuss over a shilling shuffle, with electro-plated wirework, fish knives and fountain pens as prizes! As the local leader of the unco' guid, the Rev. C. S. Newell, of St. John's, makes himself about as impressive as a jack-in-the-box.

**Murderous Laxity.**

It is monstrous that men guilty of grave offences in the handling of munitions should be allowed to escape on payment of fines—as did the other day at Blackpool two men named Gill and Marshall, convicted on several charges of "doctoring" defective shells.

**Prisoners in Turkey.**

Our men prisoned in Turkey are feeling the food-pinch, and are even robbed in money matters, for the exchange value of £5 is set at only 30s. We have plenty of Turkish prisoners, and they should be used to secure better treatment for our men, some of whom, especially those from Kut, have already suffered severely.

**Profiteers, Look Out!**

A Bill now before the House of Commons increases the penalties against profiteering. Thus a man who sells goods for more than he ought will not only have to pay the inflicted fine, but an addition of twice the amount of the excess charged. The only adequate remedy, however, for this parasitic disease is gaol. Nothing else will stop it.

**Southport Murphies.**

Southport Corporation Land Cultivation Committee have held up their potato stocks so long that when the "boggs" were opened, about forty tons more or less were discovered to be rotten. Despite that the Chairman of the Committee says he deeply regrets, etc., £6 a ton for regrets is regarded by the ratepayers as a shocking waste of public money. To avoid any misunderstanding in the future, we are asked to say that they prefer the murphies.

**The Mascot Magnificent.**

Motorists, it seems, must have a mascot; a teddy-bear or an old boot will do. But when Government turns out its cars, the adorning mascot is an expensive affair in brass—a lion rampant, a lion couchant, or, maybe, a lion tickling the back of its neck. They are made in quantities at Birmingham, from fine brass castings, and are hand chased. If something distinctive is necessary to mark those cars, it should be a simpler affair, less wasteful of money, time, and material.

**A Case for Consideration.**

"I shall go out of my mind if somebody does not look after the old soul. My poor old father has been bedridden for three years, and mother can't get about." This was the pitiful cry of a lad charged at Highgate as an absentee from the Army, his offence being that he had overstayed his leave in the effort to arrange for the care of his parents—every one of whose sons had been claimed for the Army. "Consider this pathetic case," says a correspondent, "and then consider the number of able-bodied Class A men who, by some mysterious process, obtain repeated exemption." We are considering hard.

**"Harsh and Unconscionable."**

In a recent action before Judge Tobin, K.C., at the Wellington County Court, it was stated that the defendant, a Shifnal market gardener, had already paid to the plaintiffs, the United Loan and Discount Association, a sum of £60 as interest upon a loan of £20. Not satisfied with this bloated usury, the Association now sued for the recovery of the principal sum; and Judge Tobin, while severely criticising the transaction, gave judgment for the usurers with costs—although, undoubtedly, under the law as it stands, his Honour had full power to set the transaction aside. A more flagrant travesty of justice we have seldom seen.

**Good Old Iron!**

Burnham-on-Crouch is getting ready to spring, being specially busy in the war-time industry of making iron piano-frames. The foundry is so full of work and exempted labour that it has to be enlarged. The Ministry of Munitions is buying up iron everywhere, except, it seems, at Burnham. Perhaps pianos are necessary for carrying on the war.

**German Postcards in the Ruins.**

A visitor, viewing shattered houses in a certain part of London—ruin wrought by the Huns in the air—was attracted by various cards among the débris. Retrieving the things, they were found to be three photo-postcards of German soldiers arranged in orthodox groups. It is, of course, a mystery how such souvenirs, which should be taboo, came to the spot. Were they there before the dreadful happening?

**Food Twice Paid For.**

Over in France some "Waacco" girls complain of the food they get—and of the food they do not get. All they receive is meat and bread, Army issue, being told they are not entitled to vegetables. "All I have had to-day," reports one girl, "is a slice of beef and two half slices of bread and a teaspoonful of jam." They can get more by paying for it—although they are already stopped 10s. a week for rations.

**Honour to the Brave.**

When it comes to life-saving, the good ship *Tamarisk* has a record hard to beat, for its size. Up-to-date, 400 lives have been saved by its gallant officers and crew, and it has all been done in the danger zone. The rescued came from twelve ships and included women as well as men. Food and, in some cases, clothes were supplied by the *Tamarisk* folk, who have not had one word of recognition. And that is why we give them a few.

**"A Mediæval Persecutor."**

It appears that, after our exposure of his disgraceful attempt to inflict shame and humiliation upon a young soldier and his bride, guilty of a pre-marital indiscretion, the Rev. W. J. L. Sheppard, Rector of St. Thomas, Edgbaston, has decided, "upon the advice of his doctors," to take a rest from his parochial labours. May we suggest that the reverend gentleman should devote his leisure to a reconsideration of the principles of human charity laid down in the Sermon on the Mount?

**Victimisation?**

After "deliberating in private," the Haverfordwest Tribunal cancelled the exemption certificate of Thomas Francis, 34, married, farm labourer. Comment commences when we know that this Tribunal granted exemption to all other agricultural workers; even to lads of 18. And the situation becomes "curiouser and curiouser" by the fact that Francis was recently appointed Secretary for the Agricultural Labourers' and Rural Workers' Union.

**The Industrial School Scandal.**

Apparently "kidnapping" by Industrial School authorities, with the connivance of the Home Office, is in full swing again. Among recent instances is that of a little girl at Edinburgh, "boarded out" by the parish authorities, her relatives being kept in utter ignorance of her condition, and not even knowing her address. This scandal is one against which we are determined to take the field again, and any particulars of other cases will receive our close

**Not the Right Way.**

Discharged men are supposed to be taught trades at Loughborough Technical Institute. Thirteen were duly turned out as fitters, turners, drillers, etc., but when they went off to work at Spondon they found they were classed as labourers!

**A Wrong Label.**

Some Philistine has labelled one of his brands of goods the "Miss Edith Cavell Sardines." It is a distressing misuse of the martyr's name, and should really be unprofitable, for it is difficult to imagine nice-minded persons eating sardines so marked.

**More of It.**

At some Yorkshire lime quarries Germans are employed, earning up to £3 10s. weekly. They pay 17s. 6d. a week for food, and, as they object to meatless days, they have none. They are supposed to be in camp by 6 p.m. When the police catch them breaking this rule, drunk and insulting, they are sent back for internment, but a little later return under military guard. No wonder peaceful neighbours object.

**Gross Disparity.**

At the Watford Divisional Petty Sessions the other day, two storemen, guilty of several systematic thefts, were dismissed on payment of fines of £5 and £2 respectively. Meanwhile, at an Occasional Court, a young servant girl, who had given herself up to the police, with a confession of theft from her mistress, was sentenced to three months' hard labour!

**Without Consideration.**

Some farmers are still pitchforked into the Army. One had to go at a day's notice. His wife went to the Recruiting Office on a Friday, asking for a reprieve till only the following Monday, "because he had got some sheep down lambing." Even that plea—surely urgent enough—was refused, so she must carry on the little farm with the help of one lad, aged 15. We had thought agriculture important.

**Champion Paper Wasters.**

A nurseryman sent in the course of business to the Food Production Department for a copy of its printed leaflet detailing the "Prices of Sulphate of Ammonia." They sent him, not a copy, but 164 copies. It seems to show once more the unholy waste of paper and printing by Government Departments when one of them is obliged to unload its overstock in that wholesale style. If the Government W.P.B. could be emptied, what a waste would be disclosed!

**What the Soldier Says.**

He fought in South Africa, rejoined in 1914, and is now, in a Labour Company, working for a Hampshire farmer. "I get all the dirty work," he says. "The stables were filthy. The fork I dig with has a broken prong, and I saw wood with a rusty saw with half its teeth missing. He treats me like a dog; says I ought to be in France and killed. I am really afraid I shall insult him." But how could one insult a man like that?

**A Mysterious Case.**

A few weeks ago a fourteen-year-old boy, named Frederick Watters, employed by a farmer in Queen's County, New Brunswick, committed suicide by hanging himself in a barn. Apparently, all that was publicly known of the poor child's antecedents was that "he was a native of England and was brought out to Canada when very young." At present, this tragic case wears a sinister aspect. Can any reader supply us with fuller information?

**From Skipper to Sapper.**

When a man holds a foreign-going Master's Certificate, has been Master on voyages round the world, and knows the home waters like a book, you would think him of some use—if only on a canal barge! But the Auxiliary Patrol Service "has no vacancies for candidates with those qualifications." And the Inland Waterways and Docks can only offer to make him a sapper in the R.E. So he sits at home still, and—swears? No, but his thoughts are sultry.

**Landlord and Tenant.**

Twenty-one months ago a man in Lincolnshire took over a small-holding that was a monument of neglect; giant weeds had to be mowed before buildings could be approached. On the landlord's promise not to turn him out, the tenant put his back into the work and made the place a credit to the county. Now the landlord has sold it, and the small-holder must quit. When food production is so precious, the War Agricultural Committee should promptly quash such outrageous proceedings.

# *Candid Communications.*

***This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and occasionally Nonentities.***

**To H. S. Cautley, Esq., M.P. for East Grinstead.**

DEAR SIR,—It was my belief that the Government had thought out a Director for everything and everybody. Now, after 3½ years of world-war, they have remembered that the pig needs a Director, and they have thought of you. Sir, it is an outstanding honour. The Government have their faults: they may be late or they may be never, but when they get busy they are nuts. I may say at once that the essential qualification of a Director of Pigs is that he shall have this nutritious if inelegant beast at his finger ends, so to speak. He should know all about pig from the tip of the tail to the end of the squeal, from the brine to the brawn. As you are aware, it usually happens that a Director of Food has a profound knowledge of coal, a Director of Seas an expert knowledge of railways, and so forth. I take it that you fit the place like a sausage in its skin; if not, I have no more hope of pig than I have of you. Get along anyway, sir, at your best pace.

JOHN BULL.

**To Councillor Thornton, Member of District Council, Elland, Yorks.**

MR. COUNCILLOR, SIR,—Your anger at the scurvy treatment accorded to a local pensioner of 72 by the Pensions Officer is more than excusable; it is justified. As you represent the Council on the Old Age Pensions Committee, I take your statement of the facts. The old man had a pension of 5s. 2d. a week. In order to do his bit, he commenced working for a firm "who were rushed out of the place for blankets for the war." Because he earned in this employment 14s. 8d. a week, the Pensions Officer, a young man of military age—though, as Sir Auckland Geddes has not noticed him, presumably not in the Army for good reasons—reduced the pension to 3s. a week. "Actions like these," you stated at a Council meeting, are "damnable with a big D, and that's all I can say." And not an inappropriate say either.

JOHN BULL.

**To Sir Thomas Robinson, Fish Dealer, Great Grimsby, Lincs.**

DEAR SIR THOMAS,—If I am wrong you will correct me, but this is how I understand your amazing statement in the *Morning Post:* A man, named Hurford, wanted more meat for hospital ships. Instead of writing to the Sir Thomas Robinson who directs Army meat supplies, he wrote to you—a member of the Fish Food Committee. You answered that he was after the wrong Robinson, but that you had put him on to the right one, and in the meantime you hoped that he would give you an order for fish—as, though you were giving your services to the Government, the Robinson firm at Grimsby were still carrying on at the old address. No doubt it was a happy thought, dear Sir Tom, or struck you as one. Here were you, a sort of demi-semi-Minister of Fish, touting for orders. Think of the Prime Minister improving the shining hour by soliciting commissions for lumps of law at 6s. 8d. per lump, of the Chancellor of the Exchequer beseeching applicants for War Bonds not to forget the old firm of ironmongers, of Lord Rhondda asking students of the bacon ration whether he could sell them ½ cwt. of lovely coal! It wouldn't do, dear Sir Tom, it wouldn't do at all; it would bring down the grey hairs of the Government with sorrow to the grave. No wonder you've resigned.

JOHN BULL.

**To the Rev. E. R. Dawe, Vicar of Menston.**

DEAR VICAR,—Being a man of fine common-sense, you have initiated a series of Sunday services for gardeners and allotment holders. The hour is 9.15 in the morn, the service lasts fifteen minutes, and your congregation are asked to come in their working clothes, so that they may go straight away to their patriotic task. I have pleasure in recording my hearty appreciation of your action, for I feel that in taking off my hat to you I run no danger of catching cold.

JOHN BULL.

**To Miss Lena Ashwell.**

DEAR MISS ASHWELL,—I do not wish to be unduly critical of your public utterances, but I was never quite able to appreciate your much-talked-of aspiration—"Thank God for the queues." However, you now explain that that curious phrase was "torn from its context," your meaning being simply that the labour of food stalking was "such a little bit compared with the bit our boys are doing out in France and in the East." On that we can shake hands—only just remember that the women who have waited in the queues are mostly the wives and mothers of those brave lads we love so well.

JOHN BULL.

**To the Right Hon. Lord Ilkeston, Stipendiary Magistrate, Birmingham.**

DEAR MAGISTRATE,—The charge against James Hawkins, a poor old man of 76, whom you recently sent to gaol for a month, was that of "absconding from the workhouse and taking with him a suit of clothes belonging to the Guardians." All the old chap had done was to wander from one Union to another, with the pauper uniform he stood up in. Why, in these circumstances, the poor old fellow should have been packed off to gaol like any common felon is more than I can say—and, unless I am much mistaken, more than you can say either.

JOHN BULL.

**To Bailie W. G. Mackay, Inverness Police Court.**

SIR,—You're a wonderful man. A number of persons are up for cycling on the footpath, the road—by the way, *your* road—being in an impassable condition. One is a private soldier (on duty) in receipt of 1s. 6d. a day. You fine him 10s., or seven days. One is a Lieut.-Colonel in receipt of £2 a day. You fine him the same—which makes the private's punishment twenty-seven times as severe. Out of three civilian defendants, you fined one 10s. and two 5s. each. They must be proud of you in Inverness.

JOHN BULL.

# REDEEMING OUR PLEDGE.

## FAIR TREATMENT FOR THE MAN WHO HAS FOUGHT.

With the opening of the great offensive in the West, the thoughts of all of us naturally turn to the gallant fellows who, at the cost of life or limb, are upholding British honour before the enemy. But something more than our thoughts must be given if the man who falls or is maimed in the fight is to receive justice at the hands of the State. In the one case, justice to the dead is implied in generous treatment of those left behind; in the other, it means right consideration for the discharged or disabled soldier. Much has already been accomplished—but only by agitation and discussion, both in Parliament and out of it—in the way of ensuring that the man who has fought shall be treated fairly when he once more takes his place in the civilian ranks; and of all the agencies working in his behalf none has gathered more influence or been more successful in its operations than the National Federation of Discharged and Demobilised Sailors and Soldiers.

### Co-operation and Unity.

With that Federation, we are pleased to be able to state, we have arranged to work in the closest co-operation for the good of the ex-soldier and also of the man still in the Army. As already explained in our columns, the formation of our own Blue and Khaki League, which was conceived with a view to carrying out in the most practical way possible our pledge to Tommy and Jack, was for several reasons postponed. Not the least important was the disinclination to multiply the number of organisations having for their object the protection of the interests of the discharged soldier. If ever there was a case where union is strength this is one. No good can come from the existence of a number of small bodies each working in isolation for the same ends. John Bull realised that it could best justify the name it has earned as the soldier's real friend by striving for unity and co-operation among those agencies genuinely designed to help the ex-soldier. And so from now onwards all the energy and influence, the power of publicity and the strength which comes from the confidence of the people in our policy and principles which would have gone to the organisation of the Blue and Khaki League, will be used to co-operate with the National Federation of Discharged and Demobilised Sailors and Soldiers.

### State's Grudging Recognition.

When these facts were put forward by us at the great demonstration in the Albert Hall, arranged by the London Branches of the Federation, and the announcement of co-operation was made to the thousands of ex-soldiers present, the enthusiasm provoked was of happy augury. This step, taken not without much consideration, marks, we believe, a stage in the fortunes of the Federation of supreme importance. Mr. J. M. Hogge, M.P., the Honorary President, in his address of moving eloquence, did not under-estimate the advantage of co-operation between the most powerful organ of public opinion and what is already the most influential of all organisations designed to benefit the discharged man. No one who was present at that imposing demonstration, or who witnessed the great procession of silver badged men through the streets of London, could fail to be moved at the thought of all that had been suffered literally in "mind, body and estate," and at the consciousness of the deep obligations so grudgingly recognised by the State.

Only by the full and constant force of publicity is it possible to keep before the country the rightful claims and the just grievances of the man who has fought and the dependents of those who have fallen.

### Champion of a Great Army.

Who could wonder at the cries of "Shame" which greeted the statement in the Albert Hall that a widow of 65, who had lost her only son, was expected to keep body and soul together on 4s. 7d. a week! But it was made clear at the Albert Hall that John Bull's concern for the man who has done his bit, and our determination to fulfil our pledge to the utmost where the discharged man is concerned, in no way absolves us of our duties and obligations to the man who still wears the King's uniform. Just as we have been striving for justice and humanity where courts martial and death sentences are involved, so we shall continue to guard with jealous care the rights of the fighting man. Our pages will always be open to him for the ventilation of every genuine grievance; but, in addition, we shall devote all possible space to matters of interest and information for the discharged soldier. Every day as this bitter war proceeds the fighting ranks are depleted, and the number of discharged and disabled men inevitably increases. Already they constitute a great army, and when once more peace smiles upon the world the demobilised soldier will add his millions to this new citizen force. It is to this great body of the nation that John Bull has given its pledge and for which it stands as champion. We know that the heart of the People is sound; that their gratitude to the man who has fought will not be appealed to in vain.

## THE QUICK-CHANGE MAGISTRATE.

### A PARR WHO WAS DECIDEDLY "BELOW PAR."

We are watching with considerable interest the career of Mr. Joseph Parr, J.P. At Conway Mr. Parr was unfortunate. For once in a way the good gentleman was accommodated, not upon the Bench but in the dock—or, since no very heinous felony was involved, let us say at the bar of justice. The charge upon which he was convicted was that in these lean and hungry days he had "delivered to W. H. Williams of Deganwy," a quantity of potatoes which were not "sound and marketable" as required by the Potato Sales Order of September, 1917. According to the prosecution, "the potatoes were found to be so small as to be useless for human food, and many also were diseased." Anyway, Parr was fined £25 and costs, and with that we will drop the curtain upon the painful scene.

Two days later Joseph was himself again upon the Bench at Bootle, dispensing justice with an even hand, and we may add with an unblushing cheek. To be precise, Mr. Parr, of Bootle and Deganwy, was sitting in judgment upon a woman accused, not of selling bad potatoes or otherwise imperilling the health of her customers, but of charging the excessive sum of 6d. for skinning a one-and-ninepenny rabbit. The offence was proved, and the defendant fined 20s., receiving from the Bench at the same time a severe lecture on the errors of her ways. It is true that upon this interesting occasion Mr. Parr was not the sole ornament of the Bootle Bench, but the fact that he could sit there at all with the odium of the Deganwy proceedings fresh upon him says more than anything we could say for the texture of his hide.

## MORTALITY AT A MAD HOUSE.

### APPALLING FACTS REGARDING A LUNATIC ASYLUM.

Unfortunately, the number of "shell shock" cases invalided from the Front has occasioned exceptional demands upon asylum space, and the practice in the Midlands seems to have been to transfer civilian patients from other institutions and pack them into the establishment at Powick, Worcestershire, where an appalling state of overcrowding has been produced. Clearly the time has come when a stop must be put to this scandal—to employ a term, which, after perusing the facts and figures before us, we have no hesitation in using. The normal accommodation of the Powick Lunatic Asylum is somewhere in the neighbourhood of 1,000, and when this number is exceeded—as it has lately been, by 300 or more—consequences of the most painful character are apt to arise.

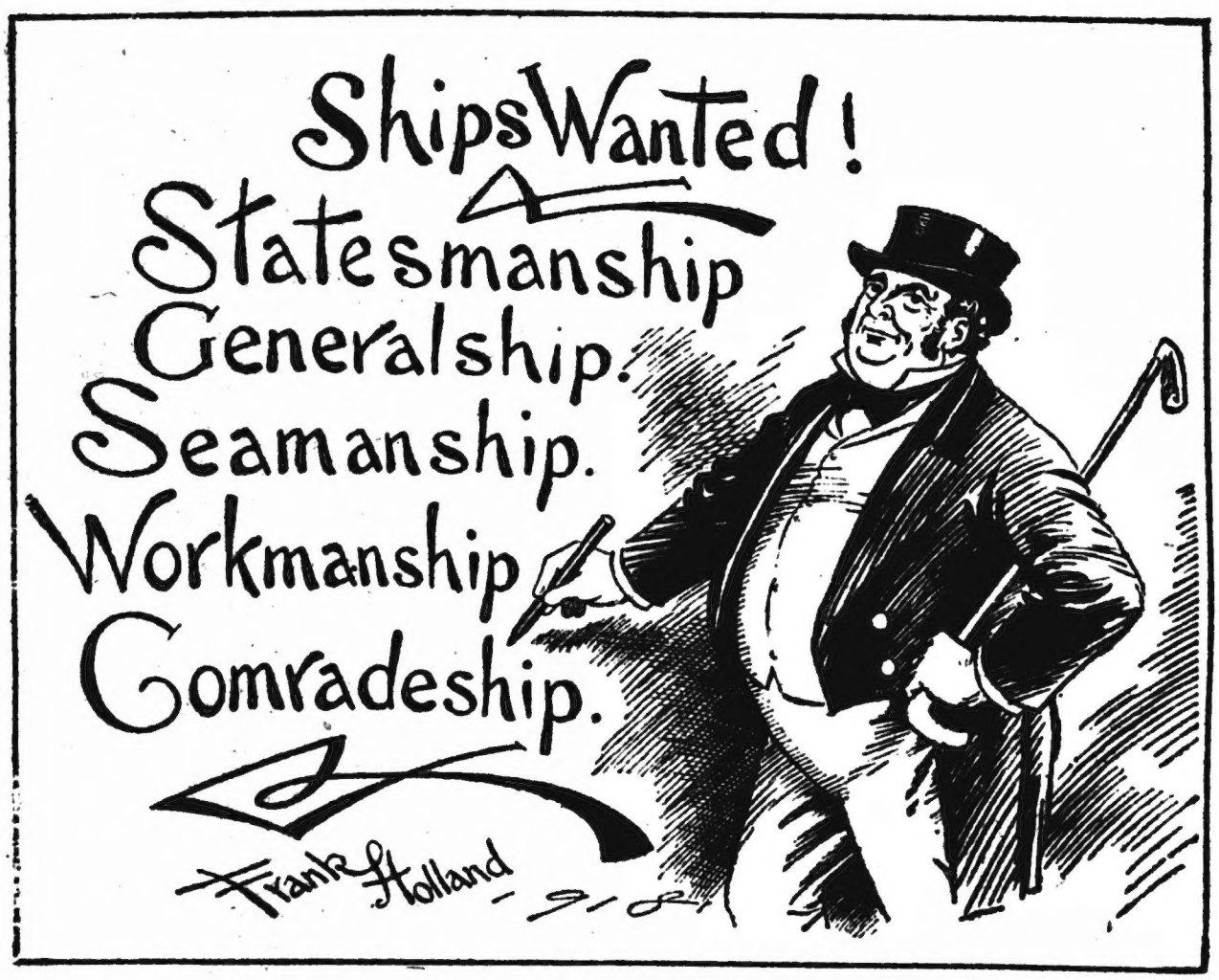
Overcrowding is bad enough in any kind of hospital, but in a lunatic asylum it needs no great imagination to picture its deplorable results. Perhaps the worst features in these Powick statistics are the mortality figures. Certainly, in the absence of any epidemic outbreak, the death-roll given for the last two or three years, and especially for the last few months—in the last quarter, Oct.-Dec., it was 134, nearly a year's average in normal times—is a terrible one, and it is interesting, although tragically so, to notice that a serious parochial crisis has arisen in the district through the difficulty of providing cemetery accommodation for inmates of the Powick Asylum, discharged by the hand of death. It is possible that the Asylum Committee may have some observations to offer upon this appalling condition of affairs. If so, we shall be glad to have them.

## OFFERED TO MOLOCH.

### SCANDAL OF A BOY'S CRUEL SACRIFICE.

Edward Gash, rather over thirteen years old, was employed in the light railway sheds at Sleaford as an engine-cleaner. He was on a night shift. At the time with which we are concerned there was another boy—of fifteen years—in the shed. The engine-driver had gone. The boys were tired and laid down for a rest. Little Teddy Gash fell asleep. The other boy had just got up again to attend to his engine when he heard a scream. He turned and saw Teddie running, his legs one mass of flame. Well, we needn't give the rest of the story, except to say that Teddie died. Nor need we inquire whether or not he had broken a regulation, and whether or not he would have died if he hadn't broken it. The point is not that he should have put his lamp out and didn't, and that the lamp fell over and set fire to his oily clothes; or that he lay too near the fire and a spark fell out and did the damage. The point is that it is shameful that a boy of between 13 and 14 should be left at night in such dangerous surroundings with only a slightly older boy to protect him. As the Coroner justly observed, "you tell boys to do things knowing that probably they won't do them." To put that burden on the judgment of children with such a responsibility was almost as wicked as if Teddie Gash had been a baby.

Frankly, we do want more man-power, but we don't want it as badly as that. We don't want our children offered up to Moloch in that horrible fashion—and, what is more, we won't have it! Parents, of course, don't always know what are the risks, and the boys don't tell them. So we'll tell them now, in the hope that no other boys are killed in that way.




**"There! *Those* are the Ships that will win us the War!"**

## WICKED WORK.

### PERSECUTION OF DEAD HERO'S FATHER.

It was in August, 1915, that Private Louis Gouick, of the Royal West Kent Regiment, made the great sacrifice, dying from wounds received in the earliest months of the war. His aged father, a martyr to rheumatism and other ailments, was unable to follow any regular employment, and the loss of his gallant son brought the old man face to face with the ugly spectre of want. Of course, there was a small pension—of nine shillings a week—to cover the whole cost of the veteran's maintenance. Even this pittance was not regularly paid. "Through an unfortunate oversight"—we quote the bald intimation of the Pensions Office—"the Life Certificate furnished by Mr. Gouick in November last was filed without action, and the Allowance Book at the Post Office was consequently not renewed." A trivial error, no doubt, but a cruel blow to a helpless old man with nine shillings a week as the barrier between mere privation and utter ruin.

The clouds rapidly gathered round his devoted head, and he was overwhelmed with threats and summonses, couched in the grotesque jargon of the Scottish Courts, which is a gross and needless aggravation of the terrors of the law. His few sticks of furniture were subjected to various "Schedules of Poinding," the goods for purposes of distraint being appraised at a ridiculously low value—an easy chair at 2s. 6d. and tables at 6d. apiece—and, finally, the little home was sold up, several creditors, including "the Lord Provost, Magistrates and Counsellors of the City and Royal Burgh of Dundee, acting as the Dundee Gas Commissioners," having obtained judgment against the old man in the Sheriff's Court. Perhaps the last blow was the cruellest. A few weeks ago, the scanty remains of the furniture were bundled into the street, and the broken-hearted father locked out of his cottage under an Order of Ejectment obtained from the Sheriff of Forfarshire. A wicked shame, wherever it happened, and a sad disgrace to the Royal Burgh of Dundee!

## AN INSURANCE SCANDAL.

### INDUSTRIAL COMPANY AND PENCE OF THE POOR.

The complaint of a working man's wife recalls a scandal which we have more than once exposed. For weeks this good woman was pestered by an agent of the Refuge Assurance Company to take out an additional policy of life insurance, although her husband and children were already sufficiently covered. At length it was arranged, under the advice of the agent, that a policy should be issued on the life of the husband's mother, and for twelve months or so the premiums were regularly paid. Then the old lady died and the daughter-in-law put forward her claim to the insurance money, only to be met by a denial of liability on the part of the Company.

Their contention now was that the younger woman had no "insurable interest" in the life of her mother-in-law, a point which had been blandly ignored, if not studiously concealed, by the agent who had touted for the business. Finally it was arranged that the twelve months' premiums should be repaid, but this small concession to the standards of common honesty by no means redeems the transaction. It is an old trick and a disreputable one, for which we hope the individual agent and not the management of the Refuge Assurance Company may have been responsible, although in no circumstances can the Company be entirely acquitted of blame. It is obvious that in many cases these illegal policies may be a fruitful source of profit without risk; the individual paying the premiums may die before the person insured, or from other causes the policy may lapse after many premiums have been paid. In any event the Companies practising these methods have nothing to lose, and in the majority of cases a fair prospect of plunder. However, the small insurer will be well advised to limit his investments to the immediate family circle, or to those lives upon which he is actually dependent. Meanwhile the Government might consider measures for penalising Companies issuing policies which are contrary to law.

## BRITANNIA'S PRAYER.

Roused by the dawn's reveille,
Aching from tip to toe,
Through many a blood-soaked alley
My tired battalions go.

Wearied as driven cattle,
Wearied as one that dies,
They face the front of battle
With their undaunted eyes.

Sons of the Sea-God's daughter,
Dauntless in hand and brain,
Their thoughts are turned to slaughter,
Their hearts are steeled to pain.

But I, but I, their Mother,
Watch from my land, apart;
And pangs I cannot smother
Tear at my ancient heart.

Now, when the firm earth trembles
With thunder of the guns—
Now, when the foe assembles—
O God protect my sons!

All that we yearn and grope for,
All that we do and dare,
All that we have and hope for
Is put at hazard there.

The test of all the Ages,
The turning of our Fate;
Now, while the battle rages,
Breathless my people wait.

Blind to the Powers that take them
Before God's judgment bar,
Girt with the wrongs that break them,
The blind gods come to war.

But I, but I, that hearken
To thunder of the guns,
Pray, while the war-clouds darken:
"O God protect my sons!"

JOHN FLINT.

## A PORTRAIT AT CHISWICK.

### PHOTOGRAPHER DECLINES TO DELIVER GOODS.

Chiswick High Road rejoices in the presence, at No. 138, of a photographer, by name J. Hubert. The son of a widow joining up, she naturally desired his photograph for a memento. The twain visited the photographer, and the son paid a deposit of 5s. on a dozen photos of himself at 7s. 6d. The mother's portrait was also taken, on the clear understanding that she would not, if she approved the proof, require more than three copies. When she visited Hubert, with the balance of 2s. 6d. for her soldier son's dozen pictures, that sort of negative-person produced the photo he had taken of the mother. She did not approve it, and said so, whereupon he waxed exceeding wrath and declared that, unless she took and paid for a dozen of them at 8s. 6d., he would not part with the soldier's dozen, though they had all been paid for—for Hubert had carefully pocketed the 2s. 6d. balance before announcing his fiat. He had completed but one copy of the lady's photo, and, to save trouble, she offered to pay for that one, but the grim gent stood out for the fee for a full dozen of the unwanted, unapproved things. As she objected to be so victimised, he treated her to a further outburst of anger, vowing he did not care for her widow's weeds. Nor did he, apparently, care for any injustice done to the young soldier, whose money he had accepted. Some light may be thrown on the behaviour of Mr. Hubert by the recognition of the fact that he appears to be of alien origin, and is so registered at Chiswick Police Station. Residents in the district may be glad to know this, so that they may place their photographic affairs in the hands of a British artist, from whom they may obtain civility and fairness—qualities not displayed by J. Hubert in the present instance, whatever may be his usual habit.

# THIS MUST

## HAVE NO FEAR—THE LAST

By THE

WHEN, in the first week of August, 1914, the great "Day" of which Germany had been dreaming for forty years—and the advent of which I was almost alone in predicting—suddenly dawned upon the world, I described it as "the dawn of Britain's greatest glory." I spoke of the armed forces of Britain and Germany moving towards the crisis of a conflict "which was as inevitably predestined as the process of the suns"; and I brushed aside all the nonsense about what we called "International obligations," and all the rest of it, expressing my view that "our blood and treasure will be spent, not for the mere readjustment of European boundaries, but in order that the mightiest of mundane issues may for ever be set at rest." And that view I hold more strongly than ever to-day.

### Never Mind the Past.

Don't let us waste any time over the past—over the muddles and blunders and follies of the first three years of the war. It has always been the British way to muddle and blunder and fool in the early stages of every war; and it always will be so long as our present idiotic system of government—under which almost every public department is under the control of some melancholy mediocrity—endures. Nor will I pause to reflect upon the tragedy of the hundreds of thousands of precious lives, or the millions upon millions of treasure, which have been sacrificed in bringing us to the present position. It is a tragedy too grim to dwell upon; and, in the present temper of the people, perhaps the less said about it, the better. We will simply take the plain, practical, outstanding fact that having, with our unchallenged naval supremacy, entirely crippled the sea power and annihilated the pretensions of the German fleet, we have successfully kept a great pawn in our hands for the day when peace negotiations shall commence; and that the hour has at last struck when it is for the gods to decide whether we, or the enemy, shall be supreme on land. This is the position we have to face stoutly to-day—with all its grim possibilities, but, on the other hand, with all its radiant hopes. At the same time, however, we must pay a heartfelt tribute to the glorious patriotism and undaunted valour and endurance, not only of our fighting men—that could always be relied upon—but of what are called the "common people." I remember being immensely impressed with some lines which were sent in to me at the outbreak of the war, and which, I think, I published at the time. How prophetic they were, and how appropriate they are to the situation of to-day!

> Not only by our fleet we won our name,
> Not only to our troops we owe our fame,
> But to a *people* also who can stand
> Firm as the cliffs which guard our sea-girt land;
> Firm with a bulldog grit which can abide
> The ebb and flow of good and evil tide—
> A people which can grimly smile and share
> The burdens which its troops and sailors bear;
> A people which can still stand firm and strong
> When pain and death have silenced every song;
> A people which can wear a tightened belt
> With greater pride than e'er crowned Cæsar felt;
> A people which, like Ajax, can defy
> The lightnings of a Continental sky;
> A people which as firmly death has faced
> As Oates amid the white Antarctic waste;
> A people which in this and every age
> Smiles at the fury of a giant's rage;
> A people which for freedom grimly stands,
> But him the best obeys who best commands—
> A people firmly braced to meet the shock
> Of Armageddon or of Ragnarök.

Such a People we have proved ourselves. We have withstood every domestic trial, and have grimly submitted to every necessary—and to many an unnecessary—sacrifice, with the one great object of ridding the world of the Teutonic menace. We have paid the price without blenching—as the ransom of our nationhood. And now we are called upon for the last contribution; and we know we shall be prepared to make it. We must not, however, be under any illusion as to the severity of the ordeal before us. It will try our grit to the uttermost ounce. We are up against a foe who has been preparing and perfecting his plans for nearly half a century—whilst we have been asleep. And a foe without scruple, and without bowels—a human monster of war.

### The Devil's Dice.

It was said long ago that if you supped with the Devil you should have a long spoon, and so, if you fight with him, you must have a sharp sword, with every implement of devilry behind it, and a quick eye and an iron determination; and when the Devil is in a temper and is driven to the mad necessity of throwing his last die, you must be prepared for any trick to which, in his desperation, he may resort. Do not, however, let us close our eyes to the fact that in the great conflict now raging in the West we may, at any moment, have rude surprises. It is, for instance, quite possible, now that the enemy is pressing the offensive, that we may be compelled to give further ground—but do not let that distress you. The Kaiser is hurling his men against us in huge, solid formations—not because such tactics are dictated by military wisdom, *but because it is the only way in which the men will face our guns.* Hence, for every British soldier who falls, it is not too much to say half a dozen Germans, at least, are put out of action, and it may well be part of Haig's policy to let the process continue for a time, until the volume of enemy casualties will have thoroughly demoralised the Kaiser's troops, and that then, with the mountains of dead behind them, they may have to face a sudden offensive on the part of our Army. It may also be part of Haig's strategy to allow the enemy to break right through in certain carefully chosen positions—to be suddenly met with the great reserve force which is standing to arms, awaiting orders from Versailles—with all means of retirement for the Germans cut off. And so I could go on speculating upon one possibility after another—but all these secrets are best locked up in the brain of the great and silent man at the British Headquarters, whose confidence in complete and early victory, now that he has been allowed to get to business, I have reason to believe remains absolutely unchanged. Therefore, again I say, have no fear—this *must* end it!

### The Final Throw.

Don't let there be any mistake—this is the testing time not only for the mighty British Army, but for that great citizen force which makes up the power of Britain at home. How shall we stand the test? That in the coming days and weeks there may be hours of poignant anguish and days of darkness I have already hinted, yet I am still optimistic—gloriously optimistic—as to the ultimate issue, but I cannot, dare not, disguise from myself that, with issues so vast and far-reaching in the balance, the scales may rise and fall with unnerving suddenness. It is our part to watch and wait—let us wait with calmness and dignity. The boys at the Front are feeling the awful shock of battle in all its terrifying intensity. Yet they falter not, nor do they fail. The enemy is making his last throw, and the dice—let us admit it—are heavily loaded in his favour. The criminal betrayal of Russia—at once both a lesson and a retribution—has given him advantages hard to estimate. He has been able to concentrate in the West men and munitions which not many months since were challenged by the Czar's soldiers. To-day the Hun has gathered in the West immense forces which the Judas kiss of Lenin and Trotsky has released, and blood and death once more make crimson and grey the stricken fields of France and Flanders. The wheel of war has again come full circle. We had the German on the run, when the hideous debacle in the East gave the foul enemy new hope and imbued him with renewed strength. That the consequent ordeal is full of terrible possibilities I should be the last to deny. But there is no reason for despondency and no ground for despair. It is true that once more the Hun is on the offensive—that he has taken the initiative and is pounding away, with an awful waste of human life, in the hope of breaking down our splendid defence and hacking a way through to Paris and the coast. What was attempted in the opening months of Armageddon, when Von Kluck broke his teeth against the steel of the British barrier, is being repeated. Is there any doubt in the mind of any

# END IT!

## THROW—BACK UP TOMMY.

EDITOR.

real Briton of the outcome? Set-backs there may be; yes, even temporary defeats. The mighty waves of human bodies which the Germans are throwing against our belching guns and fire-guarded trenches, falter and fall. Here and there the terrible onrush is carried forward by the power of its own momentum—and we read, and shall continue to read, of instances of its overwhelming effect. But behind all stands the unconquerable soul, the unquenchable spirit of the British arms. The losses will be heavy—let us make up our minds to that—but the final goal is sure and certain. Therefore we who stay at home in comparative ease must keep a stiff upper lip and a proudly confident heart. If our men are sure we are trusting them, that our prayers are with them, and our hearts beat in sympathy, then they will stand to the defence, and at the right moment go forward to the assault, with all that dignity in danger and pride in the hour of victory which have made the name of Britain respected and honoured throughout the world.

### The Hohenzollern's Last Chance.

Remember this, that throughout the war, nowhere has the military power of Prussia prevailed. Her triumphs have been won by lies and trickery, by base usages and vile methods. But in the West the arts of the scoundrel and the schemes of the criminal avail not. There it is man to man, gun to gun, and the Kaiser knows that on this gamble in the field he stakes his power—yes, his throne and his dynasty. For nearly half a century the people of Germany have been taught to believe in the might of militarism, the power of Prussianism; they have been compelled to bow to the god of brute force, and to make their prayers to the criminal autocrat of Potsdam. With lying lips prating of peace, the man born of an English mother has schemed and planned, plotted and contrived, for our undoing. Envy, hatred and malice have filled his heart. The menace of Russia was mere pretence—the danger from France just camouflage. What was in the mind of the murderer of Potsdam was the overthrow of the British Empire. He came among us with a smiling face; he stood by the side of his Royal uncle when Queen Victoria was laid to her rest, and he took the hand of King George in pretended sympathy when Britain mourned her dead King. Traitor to the blood Royal, a dirty blackleg in the Trade Union of Thrones, he is to-day the pariah and the outcast among the rulers of men. But so long as he could feed his people on imaginary victories and satisfy their pride with promises of world domination, they have been content to see the flower of their youth burnt on the altars of Ambition and their old men sacrificed as "cannon fodder." Yet all the time the one great prize has been denied, the hunger of hate has gone unsatisfied.

### A Throne in Danger.

This nation of Huns has been bred on jealousy of the British, and succoured in the agonies of war by the promise that the Anglo-Saxon peoples should be debased before the power of the Teuton. Nothing else matters. Russia may fall, Roumania may falter, the whole of Europe may bow the knee to Potsdam, but so long as the sea-girt isles from which the Kaiser drew his birth remain unconquered and unashamed, that place in the sun of Victory which he has always promised his people is denied. And that is why this awful holocaust in the West is the Last Phase for the Hohenzollern—the desparate throw of the Royal gambler. And I repeat, with a deep sense of conviction, that this *must* end it. If the might of the Allies remains unimpaired before the onslaughts of the foe, if the hordes of the Kaiser are once more denied—as they will be denied—a decisive outcome favourable to Prussianism, the game is up. The eyes of a blind and deluded people will be open before the awful abyss of national ruin to which their War Lord has led them, and the reckoning, so long delayed, will come upon the Kaiser with terrible and remorseless force. So long as his dupes can be doped with the promise of victory in the West, the criminal slaughter may proceed. But once let the Germans realise that they are bankrupt in power, as they are already ruined in their natural resources, and Armageddon will end in infamy for the criminal of Potsdam. Great forces for that social upheaval in Germany are kept in check by the power of the War party. Once break that power and anything is possible. That is why I say that this terrible trial, these days of testing in the West, are pregnant with the fate of thrones and the future of Empires.

### Back Up Tommy.

But whilst I write thus confidently—basing my confidence always upon what I saw, and was told, at the Front—I confess that my heart aches as I think of those new seas of blood now running in the West. And I cannot help wondering what must be the thoughts and reflections of our politicians who allowed this ghastly thing to grow under their very eyes and made no preparation to meet it. For years before the outbreak of the war every Government, of every Party colour, always made the King commence his Speech, when opening Parliament, with the inane platitude, "My relations with all foreign Powers continue friendly." How I used to smile when, standing in the House of Lords at the Opening Ceremony, I listened to King Edward, and subsequently to King George, mumbling those empty words! And then they would be repeated, parrot-like, in the House of Commons, and when some of us laughed at them we were called to order and denounced as Jingoes! God, what a responsibility rests upon the heads of those men! Perhaps some day in may be brought home to them. But, in Heaven's name, don't let us stop just now to think about that. The reckoning shall be theirs in the days to come. But we will think of the dear boys who, as I write, are bearing the burden. I have just come away from a great gathering at the Albert Hall, where I was privileged to talk to thousands of discharged soldiers. I speak of the function elsewhere—it had to do with the National Federation of Discharged and Demobilised Sailors and Soldiers, with which it will be my pleasant lot to co-operate henceforward in its work of securing justice and recognition for our fighting lads. And all the time I was there I was thinking of those who will never now be able to join the Federation, and of the others, broken and maimed, who will soon be flocking to its ranks. And we must all think of them to-day. They stand between us and annihilation—nothing less. Shall they, then, ever be forgotten when their work is done? God forbid! Meanwhile, cheer and comfort them with your support at home. Show the same calm courage as that they are evincing in the trenches. Don't grumble and grouse; don't get the blues. Keep smiling—carry on.

### Have no Fear—Be Britons!

Never forget that Germany has made us her bitterest enemy; that the Hymn of Hate was chanted to steel the hearts of the Hun against the very People whose blood flows in the veins of this murderer of Potsdam; that it was our peaceful prosperity, our proudly benevolent rule of the Seas that influenced the envy and excited the malice of the man who has bathed the world in blood that he might float to power upon the crimson tide. But for Britain and her glorious sons, all Europe would be now enslaved under the Hohenzollern heel. We should then be left unaided to kill the mad dog of Europe, while that brotherhood of nations of which poets have dreamed would give place to a hideous and menacing nightmare of perpetual strife. To-day the guns that belch forth their fiery venom against our sons speak in tones of hideous hate. We stand between the Kaiser and his foul lust of conquest. It was our privilege to take up his challenge in the only language he understands. Force is opposed to force—the mighty resources of the British Empire joining with the Allies against the insolent Hun. We are in that darkest hour which precedes the dawn—the dawn of Britain's greatest glory. We shall win. The dawn of that glory will give place to the sun of a victorious noon-day, and all the suffering and travail, the blood and the tears, the weeping of wives and mothers, the sobs of strong men bereaved of their glorious sons, will be caught up in the mighty chorus of triumph, and the earth will be rid of the bloody menace which has jeopardised the civilisation of the world and made red the skies with the flames of war. Have no fear. Be Britons!

# IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

*A SPRING POET.*

POET (*making a dramatic entrance*):
Art thou the man (speak true, or not at all)
Who practises the art tonsorial?
BARBER: Eh? Come again. Wot was them words you said?
POET: Say, art thou him who trims the human head,
Wields the sharp shears, confers the hideous crop,
And slaps the shining razor on the strop?
BARBER: 'Ere, wot's the joke? W'ich loonatic asylum 'ave you——
POET: Hold!
I've worn it thus to guard me from the cold.
BARBER: There's 'air! By crimes, no wonder you're 'ot!
POET: Full of the fire of Spring!
BARBER: Oh, stow thet rot!
W'y blokes go barmy in the Spring beats me.
POET: Nature's recurrent, annual mystery;
When upward soars the fluttering lark, and sends a
Cascade of song——
BARBER: Wot price the influenza?
POET: I say, that Nature's mystic resurrection
Brings joy——
BARBER: And bloomin' spots on the complexion.
Brimstone an' treacle, w'en I was a nipper.
Was wot we'ad, an' if we jibbed—the slipper!
POET: Why, that is rhyme! Dost thou to verse aspire?
Thou art a poet also?
BARBER: You're a liar!
You torkin' like you do (a potty game)
Git's on me nerves an' makes me do the same!
So chuck it.
POET: What, when buds on beeches swell
In the warm sun——?
BARBER: The nights are cold as 'ell;
We 'aven't done with Winter yet, 'ole son.
POET: A-tishoo!!
BARBER: There, I told yer so!
That's one. Now come again.
POET: A-tishoo! 'tishoo!! Hold;
I verily believe I've caught a cold!
Confound it all! And here have I come out
Without my coat!
BARBER: Where is it—up the spout?
POET: Insulting churl, foul scullion, feckless oaf!
How dar'st thou——
BARBER: Look 'ere, mister, give it a rest, fur 'eaven's sake!

You'll make me as barmy as yerself in a minute, if yer keep it up. There's a time fur everythink. You ain't doin' the 'eavy lead in a Surrey-side meller-drama. Springs orl right, in its place. But I fancy it's come this year a bit before it's time, an' is goin' to catch some of us nappin'.

POET: Farewell, my hyacinthine curls! No, say,
I prithee, barber, what is there to pay?
BARBER: Well, if you *must* keep up yore stagy manner,
Make it a bloomin' ducat—or a tanner.
I'ay in the shop. Good-day, sir.

# PRINTER'S PIE.

*(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")*

"IPSWICH EVENING STAR":—
"He had had 18 children, and 12 OF THEM WERE OVER A YEAR OLD."

"YORKSHIRE EVENING POST" (advertisement):—
"Wanted, Housekeeper, 40 or 45, for business man; widow, with no children; BACHELOR, WITH ONE BOY."

"SURREY MIRROR AND COUNTY POST" (advertisement):—
"Gardener seeks situation; INELIGIBLE INSIDE AND 'OUT."

"GUERNSEY EVENING PRESS:—
"Special Constable —— and P.O. —— having given evidence, and accused having expressed contrition, the Court condemned BOTH to 24 hours' imprisonment."

"BUCHAN OBSERVER" (advertisement):—
"Smart Boy or Girl to ATTEND AND KEEP EGG DAILY before using Karlwood Street."

"BLACKPOOL HERALD":—
"A joiner and builder . . . responded to a National Service appeal. . . . He had a WIDOW and four children."

"TUNBRIDGE WELLS COURIER":—
"(The Sale is) to be opened in the forenoon by the Hon. Mrs. ——, who will then PUT UP HER OWN CALF FOR AUCTION. THERE WILL BE SEVERAL SIDE SHOWS."

"DAILY NEWS":—
"He married a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. —— by whom he had one child, ABOUT THREE MONTHS OLD."

"STAFFORDSHIRE SENTINEL" (advertisement):—
"We have in stock PIANOS, ORGANS, PICCOLOS, FLUTES, ocarinas, musical submarines, bagpipes, and mouth-organs. PRICE 3s. 6d. EACH."

# "THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

*(Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund.")*

*This fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.*

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

### An Unwarrantable Rebuff.

A poor woman had her three children ill in December, and had to call in a doctor. She wrote us because the bill was still unpaid, although she had applied to the War Pensions Committee—who refused help because it was "not of recent date."

### Almost on the Brink.

A sailor was discharged from the Navy, after being gassed in the stokehole. No Government money has yet been granted, the only income being the small wage of a young son. There is also a younger girl to be kept. We again repeat that our big-hearted bluejackets are the most generous of our supporters.

### A Pitiful Case.

A husband and wife, both suffering from consumption, are waiting for the sitting of the Poor Law Board, in the hope of obtaining help for themselves and children. In the man's case the disease is fatal, he having been discharged from a sanatorium as incurable, though with proper nourishment the woman should recover.

### Sorrow Upon Sorrow.

A mother told us the sorrowful tale of having lost two children within three months; and, later, a third child was burned to death. The shock has undermined her health, and she is under the doctor, and cannot pay the bill.

### In Arrears.

Misfortune dogged the steps of a hardworking fellow. Thrown from his van, and seriously hurt, he had to lay up for some time. Although his wife earns a little, they found themselves in arrears with rent.

### His Helpmate Cannot Help.

A discharged soldier, still suffering from an injured leg, is unable to follow employment. His wife is a victim of consumption, and awaiting entry into a sanatorium, leaving four children to be cared for. Very little money is received by the distressed family.

### For the Little Ones Again.

The little son of a soldier is in hospital; his baby sister is ill at home. The worried mother told us she had pledged her wedding ring to pay a previous doctor's bill, and was relying on our fund to meet the present one. Clothing also was needed, as there had been a long period of misfortune.

### More Cases Relieved.

A corporal's wife paralysed through shock following air raids. No money for the special treatment which is ordered for her.

Another nervous breakdown. Her husband away since beginning of war. She is under doctor's care.

Former support of widowed mother joined up. Allowance insufficient to keep things going at home.

Australian's wife in difficulties with landlord, pending the receipt of her allowance.

A widow, depending solely on pension, whose two children are seriously ill.

# SUBSCRIPTIONS.

### WHAT HAVE YOU GIVEN?

C. P. O., £3; "Donald," 10s.; Collected by Canteen Staff, Catterick, 12s.; L. K. C. (Putney), 4s.; "Kat's Eye," 1s.; "Max," Mrs. M. P. (Sunderland), 1s.; C. H. (Bexley), 1s.; Mrs. 1s. 6d.; G. M. K., £1; D. M. (Inverness), £1; Mrs. A. A. (Penzance), 1s.; K. T. (Exeter), 1s.; "Some of the Crew" (s.s. *Colin Stuart*) 10s.; A. E. (Alderley Edge), 2s.; "Jud," 1s.; E. J. B., 1s.; D. O'D., 1s.; Nurse A. A., 1s.; Mrs. M. R. L. (Devonport), 1s.; F. W. (Stepney), 1s.; A. B. W. (Manchester), 1s.; J. B. A., 1s.; G. H. (Lochgelly), 1s. 2d.; Weekly Collection, C. P. S., Woolwich Arsenal, £1 10s.; C. E. J. (Brighton), 2s. 6d.; G. P., 2s.; "China Coaster," 5s.; J. S. B. (Southampton), 2s. 6d.; "A Few Signalmen at Willesden Junction" (per H. W. J.), £1; Game Dept., V. E. C., Croydon (per F. B. T.), 18s.; G. C. (E. Cowes), 1s.; H. J. M., 2s. 6d.; W. J. W. (Bristol), 2s.; "Gunner" (Singleton Abbey), 5d.; "Bobbie's Girl," 2s. 6d.; "K" (Patricroft), 5s.; R. F., 2s.; "Not Very Rich," 2s. 6d.; "Kamuning," 10s.; J. B. (Battle), 2s.; "Soldier's Wife and Children," 2s. 6d.; "Ivy Mary," 2s.; S. J. C. (W. Norwood), 1s. 3d.; H. D. (Bedford Park), 2s.; "Yamba Maru," 10s.; "A Friend," 10s.; W. N. S., 2s. 6d.; Anon., 1s.; E. H. F. M. (Keswick), 5s.; J. C. (Islington), 2s. 6d.; C. W. W. (Bulford Camp), 5s.; Crew of H.M.T. *Berda* (per G. E. O. S.), £19 10s.; "In Memory of Ted," 2s.; "A Sailor's Wife" (Sheffield), 2s. 6d.; "No 3 H.P.," 2s.; "Lenten Fast," 5s.; Mrs. M. E. W., 2s. 6d.; Personnel, Civil and Military, No. 1 Store Depot, R.F.C. Greenwich (per P. L.), £5; W. S. S. (Shetland), 2s.; Anon., 5s.; H. M., 10s.; B. N. (Southall), 2s. 6d.; "J. A. E. B.," 2s. 6d.; T. N. (St. Harwood), 10s.; "Two Boys in France," 2s. 6d.; Mrs. A. L. E. (Forest Gate), 5s.; Anonymous, 2s. 6d.; "Tim," 1s.; G. T. B. (Walthamstow), 2s.; Mrs. R. S. (Glasgow), 1s.; A. K. (Hulme), £6; "Gurkha Convalescent," £2; Mr. A. (Gorton), 2s. 6d.; C. C. (Hanley), 1s.; A. H. J. and Co. (Manchester), £2; Anon., £1 1s.; E. H., 2s. 6d.; "Southwark," £1 1s.; J. P. (Bermondsey), 2s.; "S. W. Nibbler," 2s.; "An Old Grandmother," £1; R. J. R., 2s. 6d.; W. J. R., 1s. 7d.; M. T. (Kettering), 1s.; F. G. P. (Fulham), 5s.; W. M., 6d.; G. C., 3s.; A. W. W., 4s. 6d.; H. S., 1s.; A. G. (Thetford), 2s.; K. A. (Newcastle), 2s.; A. M. (Houghton), 3s.; "A Mother," 1s. 2d.; Mrs. R., 6d.; J. E. C., 1s.; Anon., 6d.; Mrs. L. P., 6d.; F. G. G. (Lincoln), 6d.; A. C. T., 1s.; G. D. (France), 1s.; "Daisy," 1s.; M. S. G., 6d.; "Poor Has Feeling," 6d.; H. T., 1s.; "Late S. African War Tommy," 2s.; Mrs. A. H. 6d.; T. S., 2s. 10d.; J. K. H. (B.E.F.), 2s. 10d.; S. B., 2s. 6d.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by giving him pure milk—Nature's food. If this is unobtainable give your baby Glaxo Full Cream Dried Milk, which contains nearly double the quantity of cream in the best sweetened condensed milk.

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*N.B.*—Sample of Glaxo will gladly be sent if 3d. only is enclosed.

# TOMMY AND JACK.

*OUR PLEDGE: "No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—*HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, *19th August*, 1916.

### Our Convalescent Hospitals.

The Editor has been doing a round of the London district Convalescent Hospitals, chatting to the men. And what a reception they have given him! He hopes to visit a lot more during the summer months.

### Give Us Your Pity.

Two dips into the letter bag—"My husband deserted me, and I am told that he has joined the Army. Can you tell me what regiment he is in?" The next:—"Can you tell me what the population of London is alone, and how many men enlisted in London since the outbreak of war?" Search us!

### Thou Shalt Not Whistle.

An invalided Gunner at Eastbourne tells us that there is an Order out against Tommy whistling in that delectable place. He states that he was nearly arrested for warbling "Tipperary." He has not told us whether he whistled on the Sabbath or a week-day, but they have funny ways in Eastbourne and Brighton, some of the visitors objecting to the presence of convalescent soldiers.

### It Seems Unfair.

There are thirty-two men left out of the original Universities and Public Schools Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers, a small remnant of brave and brainy lads. Some of this little band of heroes wish to obtain Commissions; but, notwithstanding their active service experiences and their education, they are told that they are not fit for the rank. And yet we put stars on the cuffs of chaps who are mere tyros at the business.

### A Way They Have.

The boys of the Dorsets, in Palestine, tell us that some time ago the boots of the Battalion were worn out. They were ordered to march seven miles to be fitted with others and to tramp seven miles back—and Tommy knows what marching in new footgear means, especially over the so-called roads there. In the name of all that is intelligent, why did not the C.O. send his battalion cart to fetch the boots?

### A Legitimate Grouse.

We are told that the men of the 417th Battery R.F.A., at Great Yarmouth, were told off for kit inspection the other day, the hour arranged being 5.30. They laid out their things on the square, and waited until 6.30—when they were told to pack up, as the Inspecting Officer had not arrived. A further Order was issued that the cancelled inspection would take place immediately after church parade. Somebody seems to be playing the goat with the hard-working men.

### Poor Catterick Rats!

On the 21st and 22nd of December last, a party of troops were sent from Catterick Camp to clear the snow off the permanent way of the railway. As they tell us, it was "no picnic," and now they have been paid for their labours—fourpence each man for the two days' hard labour. We are quite prepared to believe that they fainted in each other's arms when they at last received the amount. At the time a large placard was displayed outside Barnard Castle offering eleven shillings a day to civilians to help with the shovel!

### The End of the World.

The Ministry of Pensions is waking up, and something is apparently going to happen. We have a letter addressed from Chelsea and dated February 27th, 1918. It runs:—"I am directed by the Minister of Pensions to inform you that your letter of the 1st January, 1917, relative to the ring paper of pensioner named in the margin, has been forwarded to the Superintendent, Pensions Issue Office, 33, Baker Street, W.1, who has been asked to give the necessary instructions for reply to be sent." We are really getting on, as it has taken only thirteen months to answer the letter. By the way, no name appears "in the margin."

### Minesweepers and Patrols.

Splendid things have been said in Parliament and outside about our gallant shellbecks and minesweepers and patrol-boat crews. The men appreciate the encomiums, but want to know when Sir Eric Geddes or somebody else will recognise, in the shape of pay and allowances, the gallant things they have done for us; and, while on the subject, we might remark that the system of refusing leave to men after they have been out on nerve-racking services for long spells is simply damnable.

### A Word for Somebody.

Will whoever is in official charge drop over to Stotwick Aerodrome, at Queensferry, and ask the men for their many serious complaints? He will be astonished. We do not like the numerous air service grievances we receive from all quarters.

### Who is the Man?

Minesweeper men at Oban, which is up in Scotland, tell us that there is in that district a brass-bound bully in the shape of an officer who seems to delight in "crimming" the chaps. If somebody at the Admiralty wishes to earn his money, he might set inquiries afloat.


# GREAT DISCOVERY OF LIFE-GIVING FORCE

## Remarkable Offer by Proprietors—Will send full month's Supply to any reader of "John Bull" to be paid for ONLY IF BENEFITED.

We have a remedy which is unique in its origin and absolutely unrivalled in the marvellous scope of its curative powers. We do not ask you to accept this statement without first giving you the opportunity to test the matter for yourself—AND AT OUR RISK. We will send you a month's treatment and ask for no payment whatever unless you can say, "Here is your money; you have earned it." If you are not in perfect health it is surely worth your while to give a trial to so easy and reliable a cure.

**NOT A PATENT MEDICINE.**

Vitæ-Ore is not a patent medicine. The British Government recognises this by exempting it from stamp duty.

Vitæ-Ore is the residue of a natural healing spring, and has been tested and approved by medical men of the highest standing.

**NATURE WORKS THE CURE.**

Eminent physicians emphasise the fact that large numbers of sufferers from severe complaints recover solely through the action of Nature. Only Nature can give new life. We rely very largely for cures upon the new abundant vitality which Vitæ-Ore gives. V-O strengthens the brain, the spine, and all vital organs, and so increases the life-force within, that diseases like Anæmia, Rheumatism, Stomach, Liver, Kidney, Nervous and other weaknesses CURE themselves. More especially nervous exhaustion, languor, fatigue and lack of interest in life are cured. There are very few people who do not suffer from some constitutional weakness which are the cause of most ailments, and it is by dealing with these constitutional weaknesses so effectively that Vitæ-Ore has achieved such a great success. Vitæ-Ore is a powder. Dissolved, it prepares a chalybeate water, easy to be taken. It contains no harmful element whatever, and is prescribed for the most delicate women and children

Women and Girls who are bloodless and anæmic—pale, easily tired, short of breath when going up stairs—derive the most wonderful benefits from Vitæ-Ore.

**OVERWHELMING PROOF.**

That we are able to sell Vitæ-Ore on this Trial system and get payments for tens of thousands of packets proves V-O must benefit those who use it. If they were not benefited they would not pay.

Our offer is a liberal one. We send you a whole month's supply—no benefit, no pay. And you DO pay; for you ARE benefited; you will be glad and happy to pay if you accept our offer.

This weather is just the time when you are in danger of lowered vitality. This is just the time, then, to write for Vitæ-Ore, and so strengthen your system as to help it overcome its handicap of lowered vitality.

**A CHALLENGE TO ALL HONEST SCEPTICS.**

You want improved health; then why not try Vitæ-Ore? We do not ask you to trust us; we ask you to let us trust you—with a whole month's treatment on condition that you pay nothing until and unless you are benefited. You are to be the judge. Can anything be fairer?

Vitæ-Ore has produced numberless cures in cases of

**Nervous Weakness and Debility.**
**Dyspepsia.**
**Neuritis.**
**Anæmia.**
**Rheumatism and all "run-down" conditions due to Stomach, Liver, and Kidneys.**

**Vitæ-Ore is a powerful tonic to the whole system.**

To those who for years have searched for relief from the ailment that has been their constant ghost-like companion, Vitæ-Ore comes as a blessing.

Write to-day. We are certain we can cure you, and at our own sole risk are willing to treat you. If we cannot effect a change for good in you and place you on the road to health you have lost nothing—the loss is ours. We stake our reputation and business success on the healing powers of Vitæ-Ore treatment, and offer you the means of testing its powers. In thousands upon thousands of most obstinate cases it has effected permanent cures. Surely it is worth a trial.

**Fill in or Copy this Coupon for Free Trial of One Month's Supply.**

*This offer does not apply outside United Kingdom.*

To the THEO. NOEL CO., LTD.,
(Dept. 19), 22, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

DEAR SIRS,—I enclose 3d. for postage. Please send me a month's supply of "Vitæ-Ore," with full directions and free book of particulars.

**I will use it according to the "Direction," and promise to report results in 30 days.**

The ailments which trouble me are:—

.....

If it does me good I will send you 4/6 (four shillings and sixpence) in payment for the month's course of treatment. If not, I will write and say so, and in that case YOU ARE TO CHARGE ME NOTHING.

NAME .....

AGE .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

# THE NATIONAL AIRCRAFT BUILDING SCHEME.

## WHITEHEAD AIRCRAFT LIMITED TO BUILD MORE MACHINES.

The Hun has been having another bad time of it this week. Before the echoes of the bombs have died down in Stuttgart and Coblenz our airmen have been dropping a few eggs on Zweibrucken and Kaiserlautern. Billets have been bombed for twenty-four hours, and generally Fritz has been punished to such an extent that he must be feeling sick to think he ever started the raiding game.

We are not without signs either that the same malady is to be found amongst the higher command. When the Hun general of the aerial forces admits that the Germans have had heavy sacrifices inflicted upon them, and then goes on to hint that his aviators will be good and not attack Paris any more if the French will stop having raids on Christmas or Corpus Christi day, he is cutting a pretty pathetic figure. The truth seems to be that Germany is getting half-hearted about these raids for the simple reason that she sees the tables have been turned. Like the bully, they have carried out their aerial raids and boasted openly about their power in the air while they thought we were impotent, and now that they see we are in the ascendency they want to run away and escape the thrashing till they can build a few more machines.

There is only one thing that can stop the raids completely, and on that everyone in this country will be agreed. We must go on teaching the Hun the lesson he is learning by continuing to bomb the towns he boasted we could never reach. We must go on beating him at the front, and see to it that he is driven completely from the skies.

The problem of aerial supremacy has now passed into the hands of the people of Britain. The opportunity to control the manufacture of aircraft, and, in point of fact, to own the Air Service much in the same way as they own the Army and Navy, is now being offered them.

Whitehead Aircraft, Ltd., have received Treasury sanction to issue capital up to one million pounds.

This firm is the one which has done so much since the war commenced to enable us to achieve our glorious air victories over the Western front, and to punish Germany and Bavaria at their own doors.

Starting in a modest way, they have built factories second to none in the kingdom. They have trained an expert army of workers, and have turned out, and are now turning out, the machines which have earned the golden opinions of the men who are doing the work of finishing the war in the air for us.

With new capital, more machinery and more workers, they can go on increasing the output and hastening the day when the forces of Germany will find that there is no room left for them in the heavens they have polluted.

The British public will welcome the chance to help in the work which means so much to the national life. Of that there is not the slightest doubt. Mr. J. A. Whitehead, the promoter of the firm, has expressed his confidence in the will and the desire of his countrymen to beat Germany. He knows the character of his fellow countrymen, he knows the capabilities of the workmen he has trained and the pilots who man our British machines, and he has no fear of the future.

Aircraft shares are the medium by which those of us who cannot put our energies into the work in the factories, or who cannot fly a machine, can help with the air programme.

Every man or woman who takes a single share will be helping to beat Germany and bring the war to a speedy end. This is what we are all desirous of doing, but there is a larger issue which we must not allow to get out of our range of vision. The construction of aircraft will not be determined by the duration of the war. The aeroplane is not merely an engine of war, but a part of the new civilisation. Aircraft will enter very largely into the national life of the future. The aircraft industry is going to be one of the greatest the world has ever known. It will have an influence on many phases of life, and therefore it is our duty to see that while we have the lead we also lay our plans so that Germany shall never lay her hands on the industry. We must make it thoroughly British, and this we can do by securing the foundations of the great enterprises which by sheer British pluck and determination have been built up during the war.

A national effort has already commenced all over the country. There is a wave of enthusiasm, and if we maintain it, as without doubt we will, we shall accomplish all our ambitions and desires.

Aircraft shares are a patriotic movement to win the war and establish the aircraft industry, and they are a paying way. The shares will have a value which will go on increasing as aircraft continues to boom after the war. They will be the gilt-edged securities of the future.

They offer the opportunity which the British public have been waiting for and the one which Germany will have most reason to fear.

To learn how you can help to build aeroplanes write to Mr. J. A. Whitehead, Box J.B., "John Bull," 92, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, for particulars of the scheme.

[Advt.

# "John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[*The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. Full names and addresses should be given.*

THE EDITOR'S BIRTHDAY.—The Editor returns thanks to the numerous readers who sent him congratulations and good wishes on the occasion of his birthday, March 23rd.

J. W. H. (Brentford).—We must go and hear Mr. Albert Whelan singing that song with the verse about "And young Bottomley had had a gallon, And was dancing with Maud Allan." It sounds very entrancing. But don't let Mr. Pemberton-Billing hear of it!

E. D. (Birmingham).—"I should first propose that our Government should at once order 1,000,000 copies of JOHN BULL." Ever heard of a paper shortage?

W. W. (North Shields).—If we were to tell you all you want to know, D.O.R.A. would spit blood and fire.

A. L. (Clapham).—You may take it that our solicitude for the welfare of Tommy and Jack will be freely extended to the brave women and girls who in one way or another have answered their country's call.

L. W. G. (Foot's Cray) is another old Grenadier Guardsman who saw "one of our soldiers who had been crucified by Germans at Givenchy," a crime which should be told of often—lest we forget!

MRS. T. T. (Edgbaston).—"Hope your sentence when prosecuted won't be too severe." The sentence will be in two words, "Not Guilty."

J. D. R. (Barrhead).—"Conscientious Objectors are an English product, unknown to the Belgians." Well, we are not proud of it.

M. A. G. (Tiverton).—"Is this a free country?" Certainly not. You pay for being born, pay for being married, pay for being dead, and pay all the while between.

H. C. (Lingfield).—"I am a regular reader of your paper, but don't hold with all your naughty views." But like to read about them, and be naughty by proxy, eh?

"T. SQUIBB."—How can we tell you the height of a creature so unspeakably low as the Kaiser?

"BROKEN-HEARTED" (Cardigan).—We must with sorrow confess that we do *not* know of any place "where an unmarried mother with her son can earn her living in peace." The spirit of charity, greatest of virtues, has not yet conquered the prudery and hypocrisy of mankind.

F. G. (Harrogate).—"As to the woman at Skipton that Mr. Clough biffed, he ought to have biffed her twice as hard." The egregious Clough appears to communicate his excellent sense of chivalry to his supporters.

C. J. E. ("Somewhere-at-Sea").—Sea-going engineers have many just grievances, and naturally they were not included in our recent candid messages to the A.S.E.

S. M. (Hounslow).—It is written that man shall not live by bread alone. Grow more potatoes.

"ARGUMENTEM AD HOMINOM."—"Hood," "Nelson," and "Hawke" are, of course, the names of battalions and not of officers mentioned in our recent article "Shot at Dawn." By the way, you should be more careful when you copy these Latin tags from the end of the dictionary—we presume you mean "Argumentum ad hominem."

S. E. B. (Wilton-le-Marsh).—Thanks for the splendid apples you were good enough to send us. They were anything but sour.

"CARDIFF."—The right one to join is the National Federation of Discharged and Demobilised Sailors and Soldiers, Headquarters, Parliament Mansions, Victoria Street, London, S.W. 1, and local branches.

J. T. (Knowle, Bristol).—According to you, "things have come to such a pass here that people are quite afraid to trust anything of value to the Post Office." Go hon!

M. H. (Leighton Road, N.W.).—Your observations have force and precision. Evidently you keep your eyes skinned to the roots of your hair.

"NURSE" (Wandsworth Common).—Sorry for your loneliness, but fear this journal unsuitable medium for your purpose. Since so many of the clergy have clasped us to their bosoms, we have to be careful.

H. B. (Sheerness).—We have tried your letter all ends up, but can't make out where it begins.

"PACIFICATOR" (Dublin).—We agree with the American orator who said that if Hell were turned upside down, "Made in Germhuny" would be found stamped on the bottom.

"DOUBTFUL" (Shipley).—According to the P.M., the man who grows potatoes is in the first line of defence against Hun submarines. You might grow onions too, but what's the use if your wife and friends don't *also* eat 'em?

"UNIVERSAL GOOD" (Bournemouth).—Cannot quite follow your proposal for "the amalgamation of brains." Are you sure you haven't caught a cold on your cerebellum?

"DORIS" (Northallerton).—"Though I am the most affectionate wife, my husband always makes excuses for going out at night." Some husbands get too much sugar; others too little.

"A DEVOTEE" (Chatham) tells us that parents and friends had each to buy a 9d. ticket before being allowed on Wigan platform to see a soldier off to France. It's hard to penalise that last good-bye!

MASTER C. D. (Aberdeen).—Finding a War Savings Certificate for £387, like a good boy you took it straight to the police, who tell you it has been claimed. Nothing for you, not even thanks! Some people *are* mean—aren't they?

S. M. (Chepstow).—Well, Mr. Lloyd George says rationing means bearing one another's burdens; but it also means saving one another's bacon.

"WATCHMAN" (Brixton).—Yes, the Rev. J. F. Marr, the City Vicar, hoped the City Guardians would not give hot-cross buns to the workhouse inmates this year. As a reprisal, we hope he'll have no Scotch for Christmas.

"A READER."—"I think I have solved the problem of the submarine menace." Better think again.

H. B. (Dunston-on-Tyne).—In acknowledgment of your gracious compliments, our clever cartoonist bows three times in rapid succession.

"CONSTANT" (Reading) complains that her husband "drinks far too much tea." Perhaps he can't spare the money for beer.

"Ignoramus" (Hull). — It would not be a bad idea to plant your potatoes right side up. The wrong side down might ruin your kidneys.

J. M. (Dundee).—Sorry your brother on the Macedonian front can't get his bacon and jam, but they haven't "taken it away from him" unkindly. Guess some things are as hard to get there as they are here.

"E. D. Ward" (Falmouth).—You are doubtless offending against "Dora" by sending parcels of food to your invalided sister of 81, whose nurse cannot leave her long enough to wait about in queues, but if we were you we fancy we should damn "Dora," and keep on keeping on

T. M. (Sheffield).—Sir Arthur Yapp is not mentioned in "Who's Who" for 1918, probably because he had not yet yapped himself into fame when that volume went to press. But as regards his age, you may safely take it that he is old enough to know better.

"Bristol" (Lipton).—Do we "think it would be possible for a woman to join the Royal Flying Corps"? We have long since arrived at the conclusion that there is nothing, excepting paternity, that a determined woman cannot achieve.

J. F. (Panama City).—"There is hardly a Britisher here who has not lost someone dear." That's as true of good old London.

Corporal J. M. A. (Becketts Park Hospital, Leeds).—Thanks for photo. We recognised ourselves at a glance, being proud of our position—and our company.

S. T. S. (Seaforth).—Where did you get the idea that "longer" rhymes with "Rhondda"? It no more rhymes with Rhondda than with Robinson.

E. G. P. (Essex).—The answer to your question is in the negative, as Ministers say in the House of Commons when they forget the example of George Washington.

R. J. B. ("In the Field, R.F.C.").—"Just received my 'J.B.' from home, bearing postmark, 'Reigate, Feb. 29, '18.'" The lady clerk must have had her mind on leap year, and leapt too soon.

"Hornons" (London, N.).—Tennyson foresaw it all in *Locksley Hall*:—"Heard the heavens filled with shouting and there rained a ghastly dew From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue."

"Design" (Worthing).—"Cartoon" received. What's up with the Kaiser's right foreleg? Looks as if he's been trying to scratch his left ear with it.

"Over the Top." (B.E.F.).—"We fight, and fight, both day and night, And lay about us all our might," As a soldier you're worth your weight in food, but as a poet you're not worth a coupon for sausage.

"A Land Girl" (Reading).—"We are allowed more food, but we can't get it if we haven't the money to pay for it." After mature deliberation, we find it a true bill.

A. W. (Amersham).—"Why is milk not controlled like other things?" That £4,000,000 milk combine will control it all right if Lord Rhondda lets it.

"British Workman" (Wiltshire).—Afraid cannot send a "detektif" to do your business. Confide in the nearest policeman.

R. C. (California).—"Lord Halsbury is 94; his pension is £5,000 a year." Perhaps that accounts for it.

P. R. (Blackfriars).—There's many a slip 'twixt the shore and the ship.

"Eighteen" (Bristol). — "Strong meat belongeth to them that are of full age," young man. Try your teeth on a kipper.

"Plymouth."—"In the pay of the Germans," are we, because we stand up for the Army? Why weren't you man enough to sign your letter?

"Widow Retailer" (Tyneside).—We have protested against wholesalers who refuse tobacco supplies to small shops, and hope the manufacturers will remedy matters.

J. H. F. (Manitoba).—It is forbidden to post food to this country. If you wish to help relations, send money. Disobeying regulations only means the grub is grabbed.

B. B. (Streatham).—It was an excellent and patriotic notion of Messrs. Shippam, Chichester, to show in their shop window a German prisoner's meat ration compared with the poor British subject's weekly morsel as allowed by law. The official request to remove the exhibits in case they should arouse public indignation proved the pusillanimity of the local authorities.

P. W. (Edinburgh).—We note that you desire our opinion "on national and international law." Would you like it on a postcard or by telegram?

I. T. S. (Strand, W.C.).—Thanks to your humorous onslaught, we have loosened our back collar-stud.

Mrs. T. (Enfield).—You'd hardly believe it, but there are several things we don't know. One is how to augment your bald baby's hair.

P. D. (Hedon).—Tha's gotten wrong end o' t-stick, lad. Try t'other end an' give thysen a good towain'.

J. R. (Y.M.C.A., Dale End).—"You are not worth writing to, but I must write"—and so on, with more elegant abuse. What a funny Young Man Christian you must be to Associate with!

"Soldier's Wife" (Whitechurch).—In the circumstances, you'll be more patriotic in investing your £8 in boots for your kiddies than in War Savings certificates.

C. S. (Sunderland).—"To combat U-boats, send out Wireless offering money to officers and men who destroy or surrender their U-boats, crews to be sent safely to one of our Colonies. I have two or three other ideas." Keep them.

"Disgusted" (Bedfont).—If you want our opinion about the pay of Insurance Agents, you cannot be a regular reader. We have often said it is not nearly enough.

*(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)*


THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

*We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in* John Bull, *i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase. All communications should be addressed to* John Bull, *Advertising Department, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.*

*Secretaries of Allotment Holders' Societies should write for prices for bulk orders.*

"The RITO smile."

# You can get more food

from your Allotment and Garden by using

HORTICULTURAL

# RITO

*(The energiser for soil bacteria)*

RITO marvellously increases all allotment and garden crops. If you have any difficulty in getting it from your corn-dealer or seedsman, send order direct to The Molassine Co., Ltd. (J. B. Dept.), Greenwich. Prices: 28 lbs, 8/-; 14 lbs., 4/4; carriage paid, cash with order. (Booklet with particulars for 1d. postage.)

READ THIS

Ewell Home Produce Society.

High Street, Ewell.
Feb. 11th, 1918.

Gentlemen,
Please send me four bushels RITO to distribute among members of above Society.
That I had from you last year certainly did wonders to my Potato crop.
(Signed)
Albert G. Hards.

RITO SUITS EVERYTHING THAT GROWS

You need not "practise" to Become a Good Pianist

My "From Brain to Keyboard" System, recommended and used personally by Sir Frederick Bridge, C.V.O., other prominent musicians, and hundreds of professional pianists and teachers, applies to all pianists and would-be pianists. No apparatus or special notation.

The System enables:

THE BEGINNER to learn pleasantly in a fraction of the time usually spent on dreary practising.

THE AVERAGE PLAYER to improve very rapidly, with a small amount of practice and no drudgery.

THE GOOD PLAYER to keep up a high standard and to improve without any keyboard practice at all.

260 readers of "John Bull" took this course during 1917.

9,000 Successful Pupils.

Send for Illustrated Book "Light on Pianoforte Playing."

This book explains my way of teaching my POSTAL LESSONS, and the fee I charge. Adapted to pianists of every grade. Apply for booklet to-day, but do not omit to state whether average or advanced player, or, if a beginner, whether you can or cannot play at sight a simple hymn tune. Send 3d. for part war-time cost and postage.

A. MACDONALD SMITH,
19, Bloomsbury Square, LONDON, W.C. 1.

From Brain to Keyboard

There is only one "From Brain to Keyboard" System, the original one in every sense.

Ruthless

There are no half measures about the effect of Vertroy Vermin Killer. "Sure death" is the fate of all insect pests which come into contact with this sweet-smelling, attractive powder.
A little sprinkled overnight in the haunts beloved of insects will speedily clear the pest from the house.

VERTROY Vermin Killer

Get a handy sprinkler package of Vertroy from your dealer today and test for yourself its wonderful effect.
If your dealer cannot supply, send 1s. P.O. for a full-sized Box, post free.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores, 1d., 2d., 6d., 1s., and larger Boxes.
W. EDGE & SONS, Ltd., BOLTON.

Send a box to the Front and help to keep someone comfortable.

ECZEMA CURE FREE!

SKIN SUFFERERS—Send to-day for a trial bottle absolutely free, of the wonderful new skin discovery, D. D. D. Prescription, a liquid wash containing a most powerful element that sinks into the pores and gives INSTANT RELIEF in all cases of ECZEMA, BAD LEG, RINGWORM AND ALL SKIN DISEASES. It cures quickly, permanently. It kills and throws off the disease germs that are deeply buried in the skin. It heals as no salves possibly can, for salves clog the pores and cannot penetrate to the deeply buried germs. But send to-day for the free trial bottle. It will give you instant relief from all itching distress, no matter how long you have suffered. Send no stamps. A post-card will do.

D. D. D. LABORATORIES,
M.N., 30, Finet Lane, London, E.C.4.

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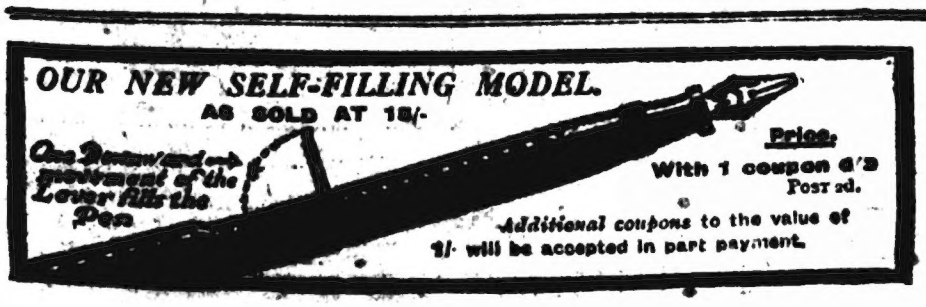
For Greatest Value in Cycle Goods. Fine New Volume, "EVERYTHING for the CYCLIST" FREE. SAVES YOU MONEY.
Every possible want. No disappointments. Satisfaction Guaranteed. CYCLES (7 days' free trial). TYRES, TUBES, all Accessories. Send postcard, H. FITZPATRICK, Dept. 62

—BURNLEY.—

Freeman's DISTINCTIVE READY SOUPS

OUR NEW SELF-FILLING MODEL.
AS SOLD AT 15/-



One Down and a movement of the Lever fills the Pen

Price:
With 1 coupon 6/3
Post 2d.

Additional coupons to the value of 9/- will be accepted in part payment.

"JOHN BULL" Pen Coupon. Value 2d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 3s. and two penny stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 6 from "John Bull" from this date may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus, you may send 7 coupons, and P.O. for 2s. only, and 2d stamps for postage.
DE LUXE MODEL 1s. EXTRA.

Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (March 30th, 1918.)

P.O.'s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed & Co.

*N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.*

# 'Bullets'

2nd Prize £25 | 1st PRIZE → | £200 | ← 1st PRIZE | 3rd Prize £10

'Bullets'

| 10 PRIZES OF £5 | 10 PRIZES OF £2 10/- | 50 PRIZES OF 10/- | 400 PRIZES OF 5/- | 1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6 | 3,000 SPECIAL 'TARGET' PRIZES. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, April 4th.
Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(279) P.O. No._____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below. Address _____
If 1 coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 279, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, April 4th.
Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(279) P.O. No._____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below. Address _____
If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, April 4th.
Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(279) P.O. No._____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below. Address _____
If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.

**SPECIAL RULE.** In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for next week's "Bullets" Competition **No. 280.** **These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, APRIL 11th.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **280** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" **No. 280,** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. **Such coupons MUST NOT** contain any of the Thirty-three Examples of the present week's competition.

**Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 280.**

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| HITTING THEM BACK | TRYING TO BLUFF | GOOD EGG | WHEN LOVE RETURNS |
| ALL THERE | FOOD FOR REFLECTION | PLAYING WITH FIRE | UNDRESS UNIFORM |
| DRAWING HIS PAY | ROUGH CROSSING | AFTER A BIT | ALL I WANT |
| IN THE LARDER | FINDING THE WINNER | CANTEEN BEER | SOUR GRAPES |
| FAMILY GATHERING | TIP AND RUN | WORKING OR ALLOTMENT | THE KAISER'S HEAD |

**BULLETS RULES.** 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullets" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All three coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

## LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 279.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| GERMAN OFFENSIVE | WISEST PLAN | MAKING HISTORY |
| WHEN HINDENBURG MOVES | COOL CHEEK | ALL BY EVE |
| FIGHTING IN THE AIR | NOT HAVING ANY | FIGHTING SPIRIT |
| CLOSING EARLY | INVITING TROUBLE | WHEN IN OFFICE |
| IN HOLLAND | PLAYING THE DEVIL | HAVING ANOTHER HELPING |
| LIKE CHILDREN | CAN'T COOK | BABY'S COMFORTER |
| ROAD TO RUIN | DOWN THE STRAND | OFF THE MAP |
| SUNDAY WORK | FATHER'S DINNER | HOME TOO SOON |
| SORRY OLD CHAP | TOMMY HOPES THAT | HOST GIRLS |
| RAPID FIRING | GOES A LONG WAY | LADDER AND WISER |
| SHOWING HER HAND | MONEY FOR NOTHING | WHEN KAISER RETIRES |

## HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty-three examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE,** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. These examples will guide you: Example:—SADDER AND WISER. Bullet:—FRITZ AFTER MEETING TOMMY. Example:—NONE TOO SOON. Bullet:—PACIFIST IS SILENCED.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated April 20th. This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in EVERYWOMAN'S dated March 30th.

## RESULT OF 276th "BULLETS" COMPETITION.

**FIRST PRIZE OF £1,000:**
**Mr. S. LOMAX, 106, Ranby Road, Ecclesall, Sheffield.**
Example:—GERMANY'S GAME.
Bullet:—"OUTRAGES" ALL FAIR PLAY.

**SECOND PRIZE of £100:**
**Rev. J. O'CONNOR, The Rectory, 185, Mitcham Road, Tooting, London, S.W.**
Example:—IN RUSSIA.
Bullet:—"NO STANDING" PRESENT RULERS.

**THIRD PRIZE of £50:**
**Coy. S.-Major OLIVER MASON, 3rd Bat. M. Gun Corps, Clipstone Camp, Notts.**
Example:—PLEASES THE FLAPPER.
Bullet:—ANYTHING. "SWEET" IN "BAGS."

**TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:**
L.-Cpl. A. THOMPSON, 114, Ferham Road, Rotherham, Yorks:
MAN IN POSSESSION—CAN'T BREAK BELGIUM'S SPIRIT.
Miss E. BAILEY, 23, Mornington Road, Leytonstone, E.:
HEIGHT OF FASHION—THE "ALL CLEAR" BLOUSE.
Mr. A. MOORE, 19, Belvedere Road, Taunton:
IN RUSSIA—"STIRRING UP" PREVENTED "SETTLING."
Miss J. BOOTH, 35, Bellevue Avenue, North Lane, Roundhay, Leeds:
MOST DIFFICULT TO — WATCH PRUSSIANISM "UNMOVED."
Mr. H. MERRILL, 2, Buxton St., Shipley, Yorks:
MOST UNEXPECTED—TOAST GERTRUD OLD JOE.
Mr. C. CHARLES, "Lamorna," Christchurch Road, Boscombe:
WHAT MARRIAGE MEANS—FIRST IMPRESSIONS SELDOM "LAST."
Sgt. A. LEVENE, 11, Burrow St., S. Shields:
GETTING USED TO IT—THE "ADVANCE" ON "PAPER."
Mrs. ARMSTRONG, 39, London Road, Crayford:
THINKING FURIOUSLY—FATAL TO SMART RETORT.
Mr. W. H. ALBONE, 13, Clough Road, Handsworth, Sheffield:
GERMANY'S GAME — SHOUT VICTORY, WHISPER DEFEAT.
Mr. L. TURLEY, 336, High St., Cheltenham:
GETTING USED TO IT—ONE CHARGE—OVERCHARGE.

**TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:**
Mrs. RED DOG, Aylesford, Kent:
GERMANY'S GAME — "LOST HE—WORLD'S MINE."
Mr. H. COURT, 3, Margaret Place, Queen Street, Redditch:
HEIGHT OF FASHION—"KIPPERED" TO AN ASSURDITY.
Mr. J. SCOTT, 94, Worley St., Newcastle-on-T.:
IN RUSSIA—THEY'RE STILL "PRESENTING" ARMS.
Miss F. MCNARRY, 21, Chevlet Street, Belfast:
PLEASES THE FLAPPER—"PLUCK" AT HER SCREEN.
Mr. G. THOMAS, "Penylan," Alexandra Road, Gorseinon, Swansea:
IN RUSSIA—"POTTING OPPONENT" IS UNSPORTSMANLIKE.
Mr. J. PREW, 147, Mossblown, Ayr, N.B.:
UP IN ARMS—USUALLY ON KNEES FIRST. (Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)
Mr. E. STEEL, 30, Princess St., Penley-on-Tyne:
PUNISHING THE KAISER—SOW IN SAME CEAL.
Mrs. SINCLAIR, 31, Coton Crescent, Shrewsbury:
GERMANY'S GAME—WE'LL MASTER WITH-OUT "PLAYING."
Mr. E. WARD, 14, Frederick Avenue, Shaw, Lancs.:
IN RUSSIA—"GOING BACK" ON AGREEMENT.
Cpl. T. HARRISON, Band Depot, S.O. Staffs, Whittington Barracks, Lichfield:
PLEASES THE FLAPPER—HER DRESS—"ABOVE EVERYTHING."

List of 10s. Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 276 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete list of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

# "JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE.

We are giving, absolutely **FREE OF CHARGE,** an insurance against ZEPPELIN and all other AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, or BLOCKADE.

**Remember, the Ordinary Fire and Accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.**

*The full conditions governing this scheme will appear in JOHN BULL from time to time.*

## WHAT WE WILL PAY.

| | |
|---|---|
| In respect of any registered reader [man, woman or child] who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named. | £200 |
| For the loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one eye and a limb | £200 |
| For the loss of one limb or one eye | £100 |
| Per week for total temporary disablement for a period not exceeding 13 weeks. | £3 |
| Should his, or her, home become directly damaged [whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop] or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding £ | £350 |
| Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to | £25 |
| Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to | £10 |

**ORDER FORM.**

TO BE REMAINED BY NEWSAGENTS.

To _____ Newsagent.

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed _____

Address _____

March 30, 1918

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded in acknowledgment of receipt of coupon to-day.

**REGISTRATION FORM.**

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C.2.
This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

_____ Newsagent, of

_____

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby undertake to endorse any payment due under this Insurance, such payment to be in the event of my death to—

Name of Nominee _____

Address _____

Signature of Insured _____
[Mr., Mrs., or Miss]

Address of home _____

March 30, 1918.

## Under-wear Needs

Pure wool is woven to perfect fitting garments and finished by a special process that imparts to the texture a delightful smoothness in the making of Jason wear. Neither shape nor silkiness being destroyed by washing. Jason satisfies all underwear needs.

Ask to see Jason undergarments at your outfitter's.

Spring and Summer weights in all sizes and styles for Men, Women and Children.

**Jason**
**UNDERWEAR**
Jason Underwear Co.,
Leicester.

*The New "Olympic" Brand is a lower grade containing a percentage of cotton—bearing otherwise the same guarantee of quality as the regular lines. Your dealer will supply you.* 6/6

# PLAYER'S NAVY CUT Cigarettes

The Proprietors of

**PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES**

beg to draw attention to

**NATIONAL WAR BONDS**

AND

**WAR SAVING CERTIFICATES.**

**BUY THEM TO-DAY.**

The Investment can be made at any Bank or Moneyorder Post Office.

**JOHN PLAYER & SONS, Nottingham**

Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. P738

# INFLUENZA BRONCHITIS

**Coughs and Colds. Whole Family Cured by Veno's.**

Mrs. Slade.

Mrs. Slade, 80 Lancefield Street, Queens Park, Paddington, London, says:—"Veno's Lightning Cough Cure has been a real blessing in my family. I first used it for my little boy when he had whooping cough. I had tried other things and found them useless; but when I gave him Veno's it was surprising how soon he got well. I used Veno's after that for all my family. My last baby was cured of bronchitis by it, and I have taken it myself for influenza. I found it splendid for this trouble as well as for other coughs and colds. My husband has had Veno's too. He came home from the Front wounded and with a very bad cold. But, of course, he had Veno's, and that soon cured his cough."

**Awarded Grand Prix and Gold Medal, Paris Health Exhibition, 1916.**

*Veno's Lightning Cough Cure Instantly Relieves and Speedily Cures:—*

**COUGHS AND COLDS, LUNG TROUBLES, NASAL CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA,** **1 1½d. A Bottle.** **DIFFICULT BREATHING, WHOOPING COUGH, BLOOD SPITTING, HOARSENESS, INFLUENZA.**

*Larger Sizes, 1/3 and 3/-. The 3/- size is the most economical. Of Chemists and Medicine Vendors the world over. Insist on having Veno's and refuse all substitutes.*

# VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

## The Well-dressed Man 'stands out'

from the crowd and succeeds where others fail. To be well dressed at all times is now a simple matter, despite the high cost of clothes. You have only to

**SEND THEM TO THE BRITISH**

where a suit, overcoat or ordinary uniform will be cleaned, repaired, re-shaped and tailor-pressed in best West-End style for the low charge of 6/-. Even a discarded suit is given a new lease of life, while our regular service maintains your clothes always in perfect condition. Ladies' Costumes from 7/6.

Write for booklet describing our "Care-of-Clothes" service.

**BRITISH TAILORING & RPG. CO.,**
34-38, Great College St., London, N.W.
Telephones: North 2887-2883.

*FREE collection and delivery anywhere within 10 miles of Charing Cross. Country and Army and Navy stations are forces post: we find both FREE.*

# YOU WILL HAVE NO

**if you Sow RYDERS SEEDS**

## Scare Away Food Fears.

# SOW RYDERS SEEDS SOON

THERE'S no need to let the food-shortage worry you—let Ryders take care of you. If you sow Ryders vegetable seeds you can be sure of a well-filled larder always, and that at little cost, with little expenditure of time and trouble.

DON'T WAIT TILL IT IS TOO LATE—

**SOWING-TIME IS HERE.**

**SEND YOUR ORDER NOW.**

RYDER & SON have pleasure in stating that they have a few Catalogues still on hand, and will post one by return to anyone who applies so long as the supply lasts. As the number is limited, in conformity with the Government regulations, it is earnestly requested that no one writes for a catalogue **unless they intend to order seeds.**

**ALL SEEDS ARE BEING DESPATCHED BY RETURN OF POST.**

*Catalogue Post Free on application.*

**RYDER & SON, Ltd.**
**Seed Merchants,**
**ST. ALBANS.**

# SHORTHAND

SD

For easy and speed learn SLOAN-DUPLOYAN, the only simple system used on Official Parliamentary Reporting Staff.—Sloan-Duployan Headquarters, Dept. 32, Ramsgate

# GRAVES OF SHEFFIELD

Write for Address-post free, of Suits, Overcoats, Costumes, Ladies' and Children's Paletots, Rain-coats, Dress Materials, Household Drapery, etc., or Catalogues of Watches and Jewellery, Furs, Workers' and Boy's Clothing, Footwear, Sheffield Cutlery, Frames, Cycles, Tyres, Gramophones and Records, Uses, Tea and Dinner Services, Sewing Machines, and Poultry Appliances, etc., etc.

EASY — J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD — TERMS

## "VITA" CIGARETTE MAKER.

Makes 20 FILTERED or MOUTHPIECE, or 20 ordinary cigarettes instantly (with cigarette papers or tubes) with 1 oz. tobacco; equals 1 for 1d. Best tobacco, 1 for 1d. Filtered cigarettes prevent Germ Throats, and save 50 per cent. tobacco, as there is no waste. Any tobacco can be used. Only weighs 1 oz. Fits in Cigarette Case. LADIES' pen size.

Best Gift for the TROOPS

Prices: Nickel 1/3. Silverplated 1/9. Silver 5/-. Paper tubes 1,000 1/10; 500 1/-. post free. Now supply in, no waiting

*KNIGHT'S VITA (Dept. J.), Limehill Rd., Tunbridge Wells.*

*10% Discount for Cash or War Loan Scrip.*

**Country Orders** packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and personally dealt with by a Special Manager.

# At last!

**To find—at last!—the very furniture you have been searching for in vain; to glance at the plainly-marked price; to discover, with a thrill of delight, how much less it is than you** would have expected—*that* is the daily experience of hundreds who furnish at the "Midland."

An exceedingly comfortable Easy Chair, Deep spring, sumptuously upholstered and covered in art [illegible]. £8 10s. 0d.

## Money buys more at the 'Midland'

*10% Discount for Cash or War Loan Scrip.*

For beauty of design, variety of choice, and sterling value-for-money, there is nothing to touch the £100,000 worth of superb furniture now on view in the "Midland" Salons. Come and choose what you need for your home to-day. You get 10% discount for cash, and the "Midland" Ideal Terms enable you to choose at your leisure and pay at your convenience. There is no charge for credit—no interest—no extras whatsoever.

Well-upholstered Chesterfield Settee, with or without drop ends as desired. Thoroughly well sprung and covered with various shades of art cretonne. £8 5s. 0d.

**Ideal Terms**

(Town or Country.)

| Worth. | Per Month. | Worth. | Per Month. |
|---|---|---|---|
| £10 - | £0 5 6 | £50 - | £1 7 6 |
| £20 - | 0 11 0 | £100 - | 2 15 0 |
| £30 - | 0 16 6 | £200 - | 5 10 0 |
| £40 - | 1 2 0 | £500 - | 13 15 0 |

Larger amounts pro rata.

**Rail Fares Paid**

Customers' Fares to town paid on all orders of £30 and over.

**Free Life, Fire, Aircraft and Bombardment Insurance.**

At the "Midland" customers can obtain free insurance policies whereby **all furniture purchased on Ideal Terms becomes the absolute property of the wife,** in the event of the death of the purchaser. **All furniture** thus purchased is also **insured against damage by Fire, Aircraft Bombs, or Hostile Bombardment.**

# Midland

**Furnishing Company, Ltd.,**

*Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,*

**15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.**

Buses direct from Waterloo and Charing Cross Stations. Nearest Tube Station, Holborn.

Open 9 till 7. Saturdays 9 till 1.

Managing Director, GEORGE MICHAEL, (who has been associated with the business for 25 years).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